

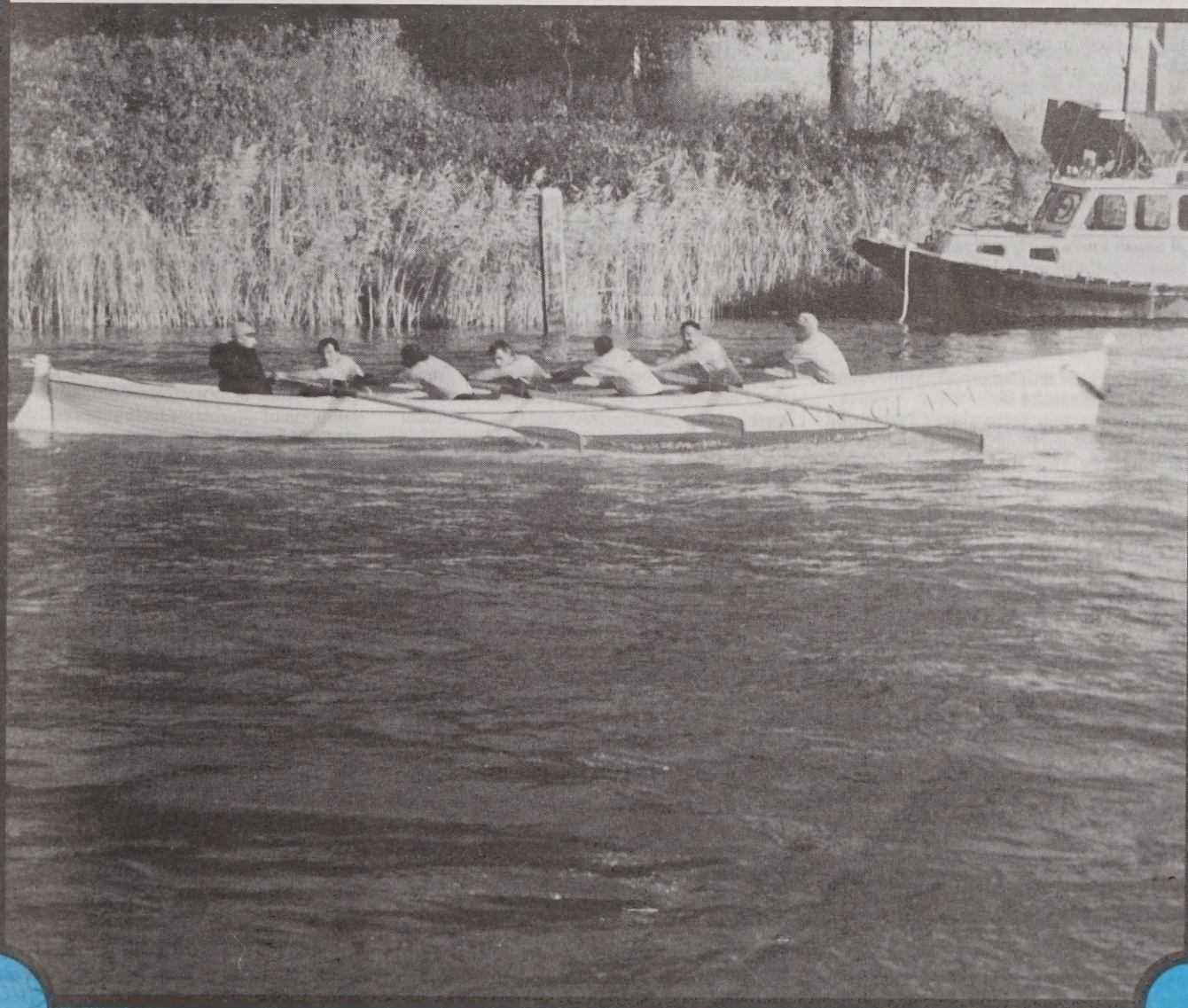


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messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 17 - Number 20

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



In the January 15th issue I discussed on this page the topic of pedal powered boats, prompted by publicity material I received from an association of builders of such human powered small craft. I anticipated that more on the subject of pedal powered boating might show up on our pages from time to time.

About the time I wrote that commentary I joined the Human Powered Vehicle Association, essentially an international group of about 800 leading edge exponents of using human power to propel a variety of vehicles. While exotic forms of bicycles predominate, these folks also include creators of boats and aircraft. The "guru" of this arcane interest group is MIT professor David Gordon Wilson, who literally wrote the book, *Human Powered Vehicles*, and continues to ride daily year round his originally designed 1970s recumbent bicycle.

In the initial issue I received of this group's newsletter, *HPV News* (a nicely done 16 page bi-monthly), a report on the annual HPV World Championships held in Switzerland remarked on the water borne segment that, "although invited, no traditional boats like canoes or kayaks came..." and that, "the local rowing club was the guest of honor, opening the races by setting a reference time with a twin rowing shell..."

I had just completed this issue's production featuring the story on Team Saquish in Holland competing in international racing in rowing gigs, and realized that here was a human powered vehicle with roots that go back further, I would guess, than any other form of human powered vehicle. Before sail power became useful (at least in Europe), oar (human) power moved the western world's watercraft, including some major size boats, both mercantile and military. In past issues we featured one example, a 118', 170 oared reproduction of an Athenian trireme, serious human power indeed!

Well, maybe conventional human powered boats didn't join the pedal craft in Swit-

zerland because they don't feel an affinity with leg muscle powered propellor driven boats. While the sliding seat rowing shell derives much of its power from the legs, it is perceived as a rowing craft, as arm held oars transmit this power to the water. Oar propulsion is traditional, goodness knows, given the longevity of oars pulled by arms as propulsion on the water. Proponents of traditional ways resent new technologies being applied to their way of doing things, especially if this renders the traditional way obsolete in terms of performance, yet they adopted sliding seats, but not sliding riggers.

Performance is where it's at, not just for racing, but for general use. A key motivation of driving yourself along under your own power is the satisfaction of achievement, the distance covered over ground or water (or air even nowadays) for effort expended. And so we find the proponents of traditional ways going to extremes of refinement of their chosen vehicles, cutting away grams of weight and smoothing and refining shapes of traditional frames or hulls, while steadfastly denying (and prohibiting in organized competitions) the adoption of alternative techniques and designs that are simply more efficient in the use of the body's muscle power, and thus faster. This reaches beyond the limited world of competition into recreational use as the manufacturers of appropriate vehicles tend to stick to the "rules" governing competition use when designing their product lines for general public recreational use.

It was nice, in view of this, to see that the gig racing Team Saquish entered still appears to use the traditional ways without resorting to hi-tech refinements. These wooden boats use wooden oars and lots of human muscle power. I did notice, along these multibody powered lines, that one boat in the HPV event was a sleek monohull with no less than 10 pedalling places! Wonder how they'd do against a 6 oared gig or an 8 oared racing shell?

In Our Next Issue...

We'll include articles promised in recent issues that didn't make it:

Dick Winslow tells about "Autumn Kayaking on Golden Pond"; Bob Cameron reports on how the Essex Shipbuilding Museum's "Chebacco Boat Reconnects Historic Link to Downeast Seaport"; Robb White discusses the design, building and adventures in his "Sailing Commercial Fishing Felucca *Bullet*", and also tells us "How to Make Small, Fine, Light, Hollow Octagonal Spars the Easy Way"; Dick Wagner looks back over the "Center for Wooden Boats 1999"; Tony Dias presents his dayboat design "Small"; and we have news from Lowell's Boatshop and Redd's Pond Boatworks in "Boatshop News".

Continuing serials will include Jack Hornung's "Guide to the Erie Canal - 2"; Nathaniel Bishop's "Four Months in a Sneakbox - 6"; and Steve Turi's "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut - 13". Phil Bolger & Friends promised us that they'd look at "Non-Boating Use of That Nice Boat Trailer"; and in his "Dreamboats" series Richard Carsen presents a lot of detail on "The Chinese Sail".

Is there any room left? If so, we have Jim Thayer's "Cancun Caper"; Craig O'Donnell's "\$14 Centerboard Skiff"; Conbert Benneck's "Buying a Boat Sight Unseen"; and Ben Fuller's "Ideal Maine Island Trail Cruiser".

On the Cover...

Team Saquish from Massachusetts "rows hard" for their 3rd place finish in the international gig races in Holland, Larry Ruttman has all the details featured in this issue.

This book is a detailed account of a 5,288 mile voyage by water across the center of the United States, all the more remarkable because it was completed in just over 100 days from April to July, 1995, with less than 100 miles in portages. Much more than just a log of the voyage, the text is full of historical and environmental insights, as well as descriptions of scenic areas rarely visited even today. It was the culmination of more than 20 years of travel and planning by the author, who had previously surveyed most of the route on land.

Much of the trip was made in *Nikawa*, a 22' C-Dory, whose name means "River Horse" in Osage Indian dialect. However, the more difficult shallow river passages were done in an outboard-powered 17' aluminum canoe. Bureaucracy required the use of a government boat in one section of the Missouri above Fort Peck Dam. Expediency also forced the decision to run the last short section of the Missouri downstream in the canoe, because the current was simply too much to buck upstream.

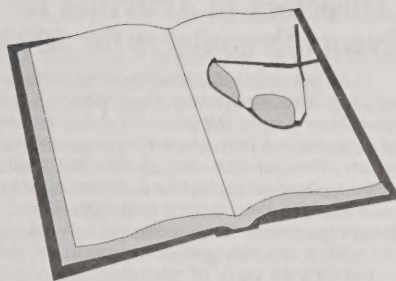
Although most of the western part of the trip follows the track of the Lewis and Clark expedition, it makes a notable and exciting departure from that route in going down 180 miles of the Salmon River, swollen by spring floods, in inflatable boats with a hired professional guide. These departures from routine do not detract from the achievement (although the author later expresses regret at the one "reversal" in his route at the end of the Missouri), and add to the diversity of experiences which are shared with the reader.

The trip begins in Elizabeth, New Jersey, with a short detour out into the Atlantic Ocean where a bottle is filled with water to be ultimately dumped into the Pacific off Astoria, Oregon. The route runs up the Hudson River; along the length of the Erie Canal; through the east end of Lake Erie; through Chautauqua Lake with short portages on either end; and then down the Allegheny and Ohio Rivers to the Mississippi. From St. Louis, the route continues up the Missouri and its tributaries to Lemhi Pass, where the longest portage (about 40 miles) crosses the continental divide.

Then it is downhill all the way to the Pacific, via the Salmon, Snake, and Columbia Rivers. The trip is made under the imperative of several deadlines: special times have been set up to pass through locks on the Erie Canal and eastern rivers because the trip is ahead of normal opening dates for these systems; and there is the perceived need to complete the run on the upper Missouri before the snow melt ends and water levels fall. For the whole distance, the author is accompanied by his faithful "Pilotis", the "photographer", and at various times by other friends who rotate to provide on-land logistic support, towing *Nikawa*, the canoe, or both as conditions require.

There are many adventures as the author and his friends explore a spooky castle on the Hudson; seek out their favorite happy hour brews served by cynical waitresses in unlikely bars in even more unlikely small towns along the way; are nearly swamped by high wind and waves on Lake Erie and again on the upper Columbia River; dodge huge tows on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and battle rising flood waters as they struggle upstream on the lower Missouri.

Along the way there is purely human drama, as the author struggles against self-doubt and reflects on a marriage that failed because of his preoccupation with this trip. He



Book Review

River Horse... A Voyage Across America

By William Least Heat-Moon
Houghton Mifflin Co.,
Boston - New York
507 pp., 1999, \$26USA, Hard Cover

Reviewed by Wilfred Bryan

also receives a phone call about his ageing mother, whose mind is going. Should he abandon the trip and come home? "Don't bother; she won't know the difference." Finally, he and his companions anticipate with increasing anxiety their final big test, entering the Pacific through the "graveyard of ships" at the mouth of the Columbia.

Why do a trip like this? Like climbing a mountain summit, "because it is there". The author's goal is to cover as much of the distance as possible by water. Purists could complain that it was not all done in a single vessel; that he relied on a professional guide for part of the trip; that although the author followed the shortest practical route over the Rocky Mountains, his C-Dory had to be towed across by a much longer and circuitous route, and that at several points the voyage was saved only by the fortuitous intervention of sympathetic local people.

Let's remember that the much admired exploration by Lewis and Clark probably would not have succeeded without help from local Indian tribes; and early settlers following these same rivers often borrowed or built and abandoned several craft along the way before reaching their destination.

There are different ways to succeed on a trip like this. The author acknowledges his debt to what appears to be pure luck, and notes that in some cases ignorance was a blessing; had he known how difficult some passages would become he might not have attempted them at all. In Montana the author's group meets up with another man who has been doing the same trip in sections over a period of years; his goal is to boat and bike from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The challenge is whatever the challenger makes it.

Some day someone is sure to do the same trip solo, without power, all the way in a single canoe or kayak of suitable design; whether in one year or several remains to be seen. Nevertheless, it is another matter to pass along the experience in writing. It will be hard to beat this description of the effort involved in going upstream on the upper Missouri River.

"On we went, struggling against a river that rewrites mile by mile every law of hydraulics yet advanced by science. Where there should have been current, there was sand; where there should have been a deep, there was sand; where there should have been sand, there was sand. All the same, I thought I might be slowly catching on to the Missouri chop-logic for those particular bends and reaches, but not before we had to pole off twice more. The erratics drove the sounder mad, and I glanced at it only to remind myself that even an electronic intelligence couldn't quite fathom the Big Naughty. As I steered back and forth trying to keep a good channel, trying to avoid an alluring and more direct route, Pilotis said, 'It's hard to escape an asphalt mentality that makes a straight line look like the right way.'"

This is a beautifully written narrative that holds the reader's interest to the end. While few of us might want to emulate the whole journey, it does call attention to sections of some less traveled watery trails inside America that are very doable and could be fun to explore.



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ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique and Classic Boat Society, Inc., 422 James Street, Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-BOAT (2628), <hq@acbs.org>, <www.acbs.org> Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242, (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400, (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

The Thompson Dockside, 10061 Riverside Dr., PMB 143, Toluca Lake, CA 91602.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Adirondack Guideboat Inc., Box 144, Charlotte, VT 05445, (802) 425-3926.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeship of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Bayfront Center for Maritime Studies, Foot of Holland St., Erie, PA 16507, (814) 456-4077, <eriesailing@hotmail.com>, <http://www.goerie.com/bcms>.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109, (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663, (410) 745-2916.

Chesapeake Boats Bayou, Baltimore, Washington & Annapolis, (410) 684-9798.

CT River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2343.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036, (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286, (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913, (978) 388-0162.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368, (206) 385-4948.

Philadelphia Wooden Boat Factory, 2045 W. Moyamensing Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19145, (215) 755-2400, <pwbf@libertynet.org>

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282, (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123, (415) 929-0202.

Schooner Sultana Shipyard Shipbuilding School, Box 524, Chestertown, MD 21620, (410) 778-6461.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door Cty., 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955.

Directory of Activities & Events Organizers for 2000

As the center of a small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are often asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or event. To expedite this networking we publish this listing of all organizations and individuals we know of who offer events and activities.

We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we do not wish to spend a lot of time on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about specific opportunities of interest to them. As an alternative we publish this directory and urge readers to contact those who seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you are looking for in this directory, then contact us, we may be able to help you, but bear in mind that every organization we learn of goes into this directory, we're not holding anything back.

In 2000, this directory will appear six times only, in the January 1, March 1, May 1, July 1, September 1, and November 1 issues.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442, (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331, (781) 934-7555.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543, (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812, (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426, (860) 767-8269.

Custom House Maritime Museum, 25 Water St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-8681.

Delaware Bay Schooner Project (Schooner *A.J. Meerwald*), 2800 High St. (Bivalve), Port Norris, NJ 08349, (609) 785-2060, <AJMeerwald@juno.com>

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929, (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809, (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401, (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415, (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089.

Iowa Great Lakes Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 726, 243 W. Broadway, Arnolds Park, IA 51331, (712) 332-5264, <captainsteve@ncn.net>, www.okobojimuseum.org>

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530, (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861, (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759, (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685, (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, P.O. Box 1448, Treasure Coast Mall, U.S. Rt. 1 @ Jensen Beach Blvd, Stuart, FL 34995.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291, (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0900, (860) 572-5315).

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA, (508) 997-0046.

Newburyport Maritime Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970, (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA, (508) 746-1662.

James B. Richardson Maritime Museum, 401 High St., Cambridge, MD 21613.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101, (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (732) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria, Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035, (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.
Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.
Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.
North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.
Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.
U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.
U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945. (781) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.
Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.
Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.
Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.
New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o Wills Pile, 476 Wayland Ave., Providence, RI 02906. (401) 455-3430.
San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
Sparkman & Stevens Association, NE Area, 54 Chauncy Creek Rd., Kittery Point, ME 03905.
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Kahakai Outrigger Canoe Club, P.O. Box 134, Seal Beach, CA 90740.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcement, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202. (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N., Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, c/o Julie McCrum, 1075 Winchester Ln., Aiken, SC 29803-9667. (803) 643-3800.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.

Cape Cod Viking Rowing Club, c/o Jeff McLaughlin, 121 Sheffield Rd., Brewster, MA 02631, (508) 896-5363, <www.c4.net/viking>
Conn. River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Lowell's Boatshop 495 Main St., Amesbury, MA 01913. (978) 388-0162.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombly, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.
Saquish Rowing club, c/o Mike Jenness, 2142 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333, (508) 378-9986
Whaling City Rowing Club, c/o Lucy Iannotti, 57 Arnold St., New Bedford, MA 02740, (508) 993-8537, email: <kiresilk@msn.com>

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (781) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT.

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.
West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron, c/o Ron Hoddinott, 12492 104th Ave. N., Largo, FL 33778, (727) 391-7927.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Middlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Soc. of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barneget Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd. Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 97, Solomons, MD 20688. (410) 326-2042.
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: http://www.tasca.net/puget/
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Richard Ratcliff, 819 Columbia Dr., Sacramento, CA 95864. (916) 481-7642.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950, www: http://www.tasca.net/
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of W Mich, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (781) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Lane's End, Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATERCYCLING

International Watercycle Assoc., 265 Santa Helena, Suite 110, Solana Beach, CA 92075-1538.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Soc., 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (781) 925-5433.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y-4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Quiet Water Symposium

In its 15th year, the 2000 Quiet Water Symposium will be held on Saturday, March 4 at Michigan State University University's pavilion on Farm Lane just south of Mt. Hope Road on the University campus in East Lansing, from 9 am to 5 pm. The event combines exhibits of antique and restored canoes, hand-built small boats, wooden kayaks and hands-on demonstrations of building techniques and special skills. In addition, speakers and film presentations will cover a wide range of outdoor and water-related interests. Verlen Kruger, holder of the world record for long distance canoe paddling, 88,000 miles, will speak on yet another expedition scheduled for the year 2000.

18th Northeast Ship Model Conference

The Ship Model Society of Northern New Jersey is hosting the 18th Northeast Ship Model Conference on Saturday, April 15th at the Lighthouse Inn in New London Connecticut. The agenda for the conference will be: Registration and models display 9am-11:30am, tech sessions 1pm-4pm.

This year we are including an optional guided tour of the *Eagle* and the U.S. Coast Guard Academy on Sunday morning. Interested readers please inquire for further information, directions and registration form.

Al Geigel, 237 Maple Ave., Dunellen, NJ 08812, (732) 968-5969

Mystic Seaport Sounds Call for Entries

Mystic Seaport, in Mystic, Connecticut, is now accepting applications for two popular summer events, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop and the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous.

Celebrating its 31st year, the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop on June 3rd & 4th is an exuberant gathering of small craft devotees who share, paddle, row or sail every type of small boat imaginable. The Seaport's waterfront, with historic boats and buildings, makes this event a sight to see.

Boats acceptable for the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop must be powered by human power or by nature (wind) and of traditional design or built of traditional material.

The Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous, marking its 25th year on July 22nd & 23rd, is a grand gathering of restored wooden power and sailboats built before 1952. Requirements for participation in the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous are a fixed head (toilet facilities); fixed galley (stove, icebox, etc.); fixed bunks (at least two); arrival at event on its own power; built by 1952 or before; and built of wood. Runabouts, a class of boat only recently accepted are exempted from these requirements.

To receive an applications for either the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop or the Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous, call

888.9SEAPORT.

Registration forms for the small craft event may be downloaded by visiting <www.mysticseaport.org>.

Mystic Seaport Museum is located at 75 Greenmanville Avenue, PO Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990.

Intermountain Events

I've been in contact with Jim Thayer about some of his Intermountain sailing activities. As I wish to get more people from our area together to share in these, I invite interested readers to contact me to be included on a network for information about future gatherings.

Thomas Gale, P.O. Box 3312, Logan, UT 84323-3312

Useful Information...

Compulsory PFD Wearing Alert

Uncle Sam is again considering forcing everyone in a boat 16' long or less to wear a PFD all the time. If you have an opinion on that, send it to Docket Management Facility, US Dept. of Transportation, Room PL-401, 400 7th St. SW, Washington, DC 20590-0001, marked RE: USCG-1999-6219 (the fax # is (202) 493-2251).

It seems to me if the Coast Guard would concentrate on enforcing existing regulations (starting with insisting that all motorboats and personal watercraft carry identification numbers in a color that contrasts with the hull) we could make the shallow waters a lot safer fast. A call from a cell phone about a drunk or speeder gets results best when it includes the number, but the numbers lately are very obscure on very fast boats.

John R. Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

Baybird & Sculling

There once was a fleet of those Chatham Baybirds featured in the December 1st issue at the Duxbury YC in Duxbury, Massachusetts. I owned one. In the 1930s they were replaced by the Duxbury Duck.

While working for \$.45 per hour in 1942 at Churchill's Boat Yard in Duxbury I spotted the remains of *Avocet* and bought her for a \$25 war bond (\$18.75 cost). I was 15 at the time and needed help. I recruited young Martha, who worked with me all summer and helped pay the few bills for sandpaper and caulking. But fall came, school resumed, and we sold poor old *Avocet*. Now 48 years married, Martha and I own Dovekie *Sweet Pea*.

Also in that December 1st issue is some good reading on sculling. Years ago the Duxbury American Legion Post sponsored a monster sculling race. I won the \$25 1st prize and a trophy inscribed, "George Palfrey, World Champion One Oar Sculler". Anyone want to challenge me? (I'm now 72).

George Palfrey, 101 St. George St., Duxbury, MA 02332

How It's Done

"And Now, Footrowing", on the "You Write..." pages in the January 1st issue suggested that I might know how-it-is-done. That I do not. I have come across this method before, but have never been close to it so as to observe, and the photos I have seen never were clear enough in detail to come to any conclusions. I do have a few ideas, but have learned that a total mental solution is usually just that, and later experience then will show that it wasn't quite that. I do have a photo of a boy sculling with one leg wrapped around the oar, while standing on the other leg. If I can dig it up, and if it will copy, I'll send it in for your "Interesting Info" column.

Richard Carsen, Newport Beach, CA

One Person Trimaran

If Howard Schafer has not yet found a one-person trimaran (letter in November 15th issue), I can heartily (if somewhat immodestly) recommend my suggestion in my book, *The \$50, 5 Hour Canoe Sail Rig*, advertised elsewhere in this publication. In the book I propose (and diagram) an outrigger/maststep combination which can simply be bolted onto the gunwales of a canoe. I posit a sail of 100sf in area (versus the 76sf Laser sail that he has on hand), but I also provide formulas for deriving a suitable outrigger size.

Clamp-on canoe conversion kits are available commercially, but they tend to be pricey (\$500 a pop) and puny, designed for paddlers who are only incidentally sailors.

Bill Mantis, PO Box 234, Bokeelia, FL 33922, <MedAvenue@aol.com>

Opinions...

Footrowing Makes a Lot of Sense

The photo of the woman footrowing in the January 1st issue was fascinating. She appears to be quite comfortable and not working very hard and yet, from the look of her wake, she is moving along at a good clip.

Having come to fixed seat rowing after 18 years of sliding seat sculling, it seems to me that footrowing makes a lot of sense. The rower uses the quadriceps, the largest muscle in the body, doing what it does best, pushing, while comfortably seated with a back rest, and best of all, is facing forward.

Perhaps footrowing will teach us yet again the lesson of soccer, use your feet and your head, dummy!

John Mullen, 5365 Montrose Dr., Dallas, TX 75209

A Sail for Lily?

I agree with Mr. Bolger about the suggested improvement(?) for his electric powered Lily. The boat seems quite lovely and functional as it is. At the risk, however, of raising the designer's ire one more time, I suspect I would toy with an easy to put up, easy to take down, and easy to store sailing rig.

It would not be my intention to make Lily a sailboat, but such a rig may well extend Lily's range, and would get one home in case of failure of main power system.

John S. Smith, Upper Montclair, NJ

NJ Boat Nut

As an ex-New Yorker who used to hang out on the 69th St. Pier in Brooklyn, I'm really enjoying Steve Turi's "Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut". Judging by the tug and ferry boat men who would have anything to do with us kids, I assumed that those who worked on the water were a boozy, disreputable lot, gifted story tellers and masters of profanity.

I continue to enjoy the great variety of yarns, features and information you publish.

Jim Lacey, Willimantic, CT

Flotation, Atkin & Dependence

The Small Boat Safety article "Capsize!" in the January 1st issue will surely be called to the attention of the Scuzbums, as the SF Pelicans dominate among the membership. As to flotation needed, certainly nothing could be cheaper or more available than the generic Clorox plastic bottles. A real bummer is placing a large block of EPS under some seat or thwart, the problem is that this displaces water upward, raising the CG. Put flotation under gunwales and fore/aft decks.

Read of John Atkin succumbing to Alzheimers. Surely the nicest, most helpful man ever over the years. I think some of the ageless William Atkin designs were sold to *MotorBoating* for \$150 during the depression years.

Anent your "Commentary" thoughts in that January 1st issue on adventurer Ladd's dependance on others, I agree with your thinking. Like the purists sailboat guys who deplore a stinking engine, but are ready for a tow anytime. Compare with pioneers like Slocum and Pidgeon. I know the mud bank he built is boat on and can't see how he did it.

Norm Benedict, Santa Maria, CA

Electric Power Really Works

Here is a photo of our electric cruiser *Ginger* anchored in the San Juan Islands in the Pacific northwest. Last summer we enjoyed a vacation alternately gunkholing and guest docking (to recharge batteries). Electric power really works!

Dan Pence, 7505 SE 36th, Portland, OR 97202



More Economical Alternative

In the January 1st issue under "Designs" was an item from *Forbes* magazine entitled "\$20,000 May Seem Like a Lot..." about an expensive shallow water fishing skiff offered to upscale business types.

There is a more economical alternative. The Simmons Sea-Skiff 18 weighs no more than 300lbs, draws 5", and will do better than 30mph with 25hp. Materials cost is under \$2,000; a professionally-built boat will be less than half of \$20K.

A number have been built with interior modifications specifically for flyfishing. Also, I enclose a letter from a builder who uses his on lakes where motors 10hp and larger are prohibited. As you see, he reports he planes with two aboard (probably close to 20mph).

"Subject, Simmons Composite: First I want to thank you for such a detailed set of plans. When I built this boat in 1991, it went together without a hitch. I made a couple of modifications, there is no front deck as I steer at the tiller. I had 25hp on it, but traded down to a 9.9 which planes with two people, and I'm never in that much of a hurry. Plus we have wilderness lakes up here that allow 9.9s max. The boat performed flawlessly at Cape Cod last month as well as in Lake of Bays in Northern Ontario in August.

I love the boat, it is light, economical (running all day at the Cape cost 4 bucks). I left the deck off to make it easier to flyfish from the front. I also epoxied in the floor (plywood) and injected foam into the cavity, so now it is like my Boston Whaler Montauk. I encapsulated the whole boat in System 3 epoxy and primed and painted it.

I used Philippine mahogany plywood from Harbor, and Honduran mahogany for the brightwork. I also built in some passively powered fish wells on either side of the well that work very well, and will keep a bass alive all day or better.

Brian Phillips, Canandaigua, New York."

After 15 years Cape Fear Museum Associates has decided to increase the price of plans for the Simmons Sea-Skiffs slightly. Material has been added to the plans and postage and reproduction costs have increased. There is still more complete information than most boat plans have. The price of the Sea-Skiff 18 plans goes up from \$30 to \$35; the Sea-Skiff 20 and Sea-Skiff 22 plans go up from \$45 to \$50 (See our ad in "Plans & Kits").

Dave Carnell, Nutmeg Marine, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850



This Magazine...

Enjoyed "Project Liberty Ship"

I enjoyed the "Project Liberty Ship" article in the January 1st issue. I bought a copy of *The Liberty Ships* by L.A. Sawyer and W.H. Mitchell when I was onboard the *Jeremiah O'Brien* in San Francisco. My family all went to Savannah, Georgia in June, 1944 to witness the launching of the *Jacob Sloat Fassett* (my great grand-father). Other family Liberty Ships were: *Howell Cobb* (great uncle), *Charles Crocker* (great uncle), *Ethelbert Nevin* (great uncle-in-law). It is great to see a Liberty preserved on both coasts!

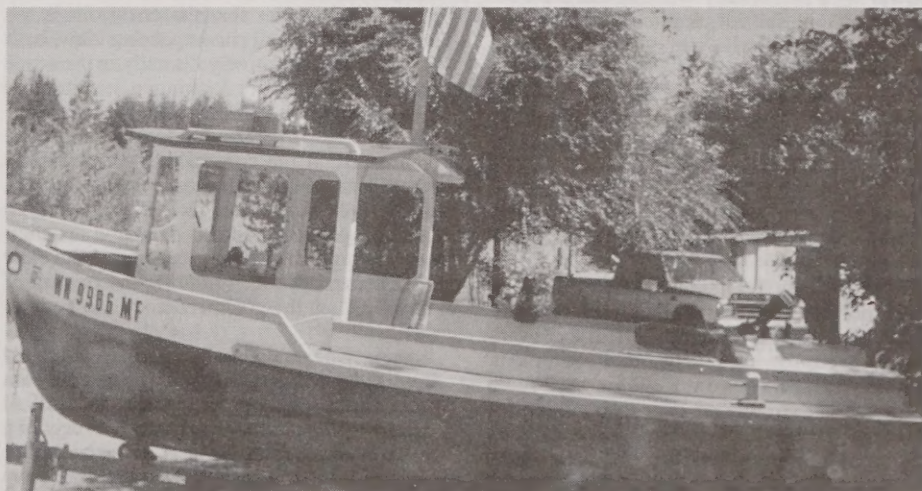
Ruddy Ellis, Atlanta, GA

Projects...

Tug/Fishing Boat

Here's a photo of my tug/fishing boat. I was given the fiberglass hull and built the rest of wood, of course. It is 12'4" long and is powered by a 1953 10hp Johnson. I also have a small trolling motor.

Skip Streeter, 1056 Coal Ck. Rd., Chehalis, WA 98532





Team Saquish in the Ann Glanville nearing the finish line for their third place finish.

Row Hard No Excuses II

Delight and Disappointment For Team Saquish

Dutch Open Gig Championships Muiden, Holland November 6 & 7, 1999

A fierce North Sea storm that resulted in the Team Saquish womens' team having to be ordered off their boat in the middle of the Saturday race for fear of exhaustion and hypothermia, proved not to be a harbinger of the thrilling third place finish of Team Saquish's mens' team on Sunday at the fourth running of the Dutch Open Gig Championships, demonstrating that the camaraderie that this observer celebrated in "Row Hard, No Excuses" (Vol. 16, No. 19, Feb. 15 1999) has very naturally flowed and fused into something close to winning over time.

And who is to say that Team Saquish won't take it all in international competition sometime soon? Indeed, they are returning this coming May, for the first time in two years, to the World Pilot Gig Racing Championships on the Scilly Isles off England's Cornwall coast. With the dramatic way in which things have unfolded for Team Saquish, it is natural that on that occasion they will be thinking that the big payoff for their hard work, strenuous practices, assiduous learning of new techniques, and yes, camaraderie, can be the American flag being flown over them as victors on those isles?

This is hardly as far fetched as it might once have seemed. In an earlier issue this writer interviewed Martin Langdon, long time rower with perennially winning Caradon Pilot Gig Club, Saltash, England (Vol. 16, No. 24, May 1, 1999) who was invited last March to the USA by Captain Mike Jenness and the rest of Team Saquish, to instruct Team Saquish in advanced methods of rowing. Martin, arriving only a few days before the Snow Row at Hull, instructed the team intensively in the days preceding the race, resulting not only in a win, but a win by what was the widest margin in the history of that race, despite high winds and seas.

But Mike Jenness and Team Saquish were not resting on their laurels, and now committed to expanding their knowledge of every facet of gig rowing practice and equipment. Shortly after the Snow Row victory, Team Saquish commissioned oars to be made for them by the master of the trade, Leon Pezzack of Mousehole, Cornwall, England, for many years a rower, coxswain and craftsman. Both

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Martin Langdon and Leon Pezzack were at Muiden, Holland for the November competition, Langdon again rowing for the winning Caradon team in the *Mary Newman*, and Pezzack lending his abilities as coxswain for Team Saquish in these races, not to mention toting the oars he had recently crafted from Cornwall to Muiden and personally delivering them to Team Saquish for their use there.

The third place finish was so encouraging that Mike Jenness extended an invitation then and there to Kees Harschel, the master coach and father of gig racing in Holland, to come to Massachusetts to teach rowing and coxing practice to the men and women of Team Saquish. Kees did come in early December for a week, with his wife and two children, staying with Mike and Cathy Jenness and their children. In his no nonsense way, Kees stressed to Team Saquish, not only rowing techniques, but the primary importance of the coxswain, who might be likened to the playing manager of a baseball team, in the tradition of Joe Cronin and Lou Boudreau.

Kees believes that the coxswain is the only one with an all encompassing view, both literally and figuratively; literally in the sense that he is the only one looking in the direction the gig is racing, and figuratively, in his understanding of the psychology of those he commands. If the coxswain understands the sea around him and the rowers in his crew, and has the intelligence and judgment to quickly synthesize all this data, and instantaneously transmit it as his decisions to the crew from second to second during the rowing of the race, then the goal of victory can be realized.

As Kees said in his slightly accented English while here in the USA, "The coxswain feels what is going on better than the football coach outside of the lines. He feels everything that is happening in the boat, so he can make corrections and decisions by which the team

can win or lose, decisions about making turns, the turning around the buoy, sprinting in between other boats, or choosing positions in the field."

So what Mike "Pa" Jenness, Sr. began as an adventure in building a boat to beat all others, may yet result in exactly that, as Team Saquish goes beyond the camaraderie it always has had (and still does), to advanced refinements of technique and equipment, which bid fair to take it to victory, here and abroad.

In fact, what might be described as Team Saquish's underestimation of the importance of the coxswain may well have been the major factor in the predicament of the womens' team during the dangerous Saturday storm, which steadily worsened, reaching winds of forty-one knots and building four to five foot waves in the middle of the race. With the maelstrom around them, the womens' team was not able to move their boat forward, becoming increasingly exhausted under the watchful eyes of Kees Harschel and the assigned doctor in the nearby lifeboat of the sponsor Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, who were charged with the responsibility of whether to allow a team in trouble to continue in the race.

By necessity, Kees' decision was to bring the Team Saquish women off their boat, but his extended and close observance of their plight, and the reasons for it, have very likely corrected their problem with his teaching during his recent visit here, so that there is every reason to believe that the Saquish womens' team will continue on competitively.

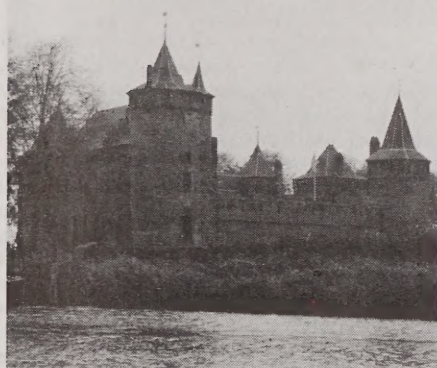
With a little poetic license, the experiences of both Team Saquish teams in Holland may be summed up by the old ABC cliché, "the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat".

Team Saquish came to Holland to compete and have a good time. They competed well, had a great time, learned a lot, are taking steps to continue to learn and improve, and now the realistic goal is to win. The lesson may be that while camaraderie alone has great value, its presence is a powerful and probably indispensable ingredient in attaining the dedication, improvement and, finally, the skill required to take it all.

The twenty or so people in Team Saquish's entourage, despite Saturday's dis

appointment, had a grand time, not only from the thrill of competition, but also as a result of the natural hospitality, friendliness and joviality of the Dutch people. The level of happy satisfaction was enhanced by the picturesque-ness of Muiden, lying as it does between the shore of the IJsselmeer (the Netherlands famous inland bay, formerly called the Zuiderzee until diked in 1932 against the North Sea in order to reclaim land for industry, agriculture, and housing; the age old story of the aptly named Netherlands) and the bucolic farmlands of Holland's tidal plain reclaimed from the sea by a nationwide network of dikes and marked by the Muider slot, its famous old castle, guarding the harbor.

Perhaps there was a surfeit of satisfac-



The Muider slot, Muiden, Holland.

tion having close at hand the charms of Amsterdam, its inner city encircled and entwined by its famous web of old canals enclosed everywhere by houses in differing gabled styles, appearing now just as they had to Rembrandt over three hundred years ago. It was from the quays along these canals that Dutch sailors embarked for the ships which took them around the world, establishing for a time Holland's supremacy of the seas, a supremacy appearing in our own history with Peter Stuyvesant's crafty purchase of Manhattan island for a paltry sum almost four hundred years ago.

Before the racing took place, the weekend began on a high note of nautical exhilaration when Captain Laurens Sinaasappel of the *Johanna Cathalina*, a recently accidentally dismantled 19th century barge on which Team *Saquish* was quartered in close quarters, graciously offered to dispel any darkness those quarters might have imposed by skippering Team *Saquish* onto the broad, bright and open waters of the IJsselmeer. Slowly and cautiously under power, Laurens guided the more than one hundred foot borrowed 1882 barge *Broedertrouw* out of the narrow Muiden harbor, with the help of his able second, Arno van Aaijk, and crew members Jacqueline and Sandra. Then the fun started!

Laurens, enlisting the aid of most of the twenty or more people comprising Team *Saquish*, gave the order to raise the almost three hundred fifty square meters of sail of the venerable three master, which soon were billowing majestically above us in the stiff breeze under a cloudless azure sky. What an anodyne for any jet lagged, sleep deprived or depressed spirits; soon all of us were moving about, taking it all in, talking excitedly, some taking the wheel under Laurens' watchful eye, others cooking and eating the comestibles proffered



Team *Saquish* and friends before the barge sail on the IJsselmeer.

by the friendly crew, all of us thanking our lucky stars that we were at that spot on the planet at this time.

Even for a landlubber, a good part of the answer to the question of why men go down to the sea in ships was answered during those moments. How quickly your briefly known shipmate can become your good friend, when the city and land are behind, and the sea, birds, wind and sky are close at hand. Smiles reflecting pleasure and conviviality were shown fore and aft, port and starboard. Kisses too, as Jessica and Sean McKenna, not long married, embraced mostly for love, a little against the sharp wind, as they told of their interesting occupations; Jessica a historian for the Massachusetts State Historical Commission, and Sean an oceanographer studying global warming at Woods Hole while studying for an advanced degree at MIT.

Is there something about Team *Saquish* and the lure of the sea that attracts pleasant, outgoing, and interesting people with fascinating backgrounds and the ability to mesh easily with their mates, at ease with themselves? Of course, the evidence is only anecdotal, berthed in these three or four intense days spent on or close to the sea with Team *Saquish*, but the answer seems to be a resounding "yes", an impression which reinforces the notion that the men and women of Team *Saquish* will draw closer and closer, leading them ultimately to victory! By the time Laurens gave the order for most of those aboard to help in furling and stowing the great sails, a sense of rejuvenation had been infused in all aboard, priming Team *Saquish* for the contests soon to follow.

Not unexpectedly for Holland at that time of year, the next day which dawned bright quickly changed to gloomy under a gray sky with scudding clouds, and steadily grew worse, forcing a change in the route of the races. The Muiden-Pampus-Muiden races for 1999 were originally projected as a massive three race event for all kinds of fixed bench rowing boats, including the gigs, six and up to twelve oared whalers, lifeboats, navy training and other kinds of boats.

Each race was planned to start next to the Muider slot, rowing out to and around the

very small island of Pampus, a 102 year old fortress built on a man-made island to defend the city of Amsterdam far out on the broad IJsselmeer, thence back to the Muider slot. Under normal conditions, that projected race would have covered a distance of 7.5 miles, taking about 40 minutes. However, because of the bad and worsening weather, the experienced hands of the host Royal Netherlands Yacht Club, wisely decided to shorten the course, plotting it closer to the shore.

1. Accordingly, the coxes were advised of the new route, but by the time the races began the power of the wind overbore the power of gravity, sweeping the rain horizontally against the rowers. Although around 1,000 rowers and 110 boats arrived to compete in this four year old and growing competition, only 64 of the 104 boats starting the first race were allowed to finish by their coxswains. This was the setting in which the drama of Team *Saquish's* doughty womens' team unfolded. Jessica McKenna tells of their plight in the middle of the race: "Donna, who sits in the bow, got splashed full frontal at least three or four times. It was rough, and we just could not gain control. The wind was turning us around, and blowing us into the island. That was part of the problem, we were getting blown off course and having to completely turn ourselves around to try to get out further to continue on our course, but would get steadily pushed and blown." What happened next is told by Kees Harschel, standing by in the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club lifeboat:

"I was hesitating about half an hour standing on the lifeboat looking at the team. Finally I took the decision because they were not making progress and their body temperature was getting too low, they were getting too cold. We arrived at their boat, and they said, 'No, we don't want to be rescued, we don't want to get out of the boat.' I think they thought we have the American flag standing up and if you have the American flag up, you don't give up. That's not said, but I think they thought like that.

2. Then I gave the skipper of the rescue boat, a friend of mine, the order to sail so close by that they couldn't row. I jumped in at the back of the gig, and my mate, Jeroen Weibenga, jumped in at the front of the gig, and then we

turned the boat around 100 degrees so that the rowers could get into the lifeboat. Soon the gig was empty of the women, away with the lifeboat to warmer places. Jeroen and I stayed in the gig in the open water and prepared for towing by tying the oars together and emptying some of the water."

This outcome was disappointing to all of the women for reasons both personal and global. As Jessica said, "I was upset, disappointed, but also partially relieved because we were tackling something that we knew we couldn't handle. I don't really know how to explain it. It was tough. I cried. We want to do well for our country, we want to do well for our team, we want to do well for ourselves."

3. Jessica's feelings were mirrored by the remarks of another member of the team, Pine DuBois, an environmentalist who is the Director of the Jones River Watershed Association in Kingston, Massachusetts, saying, "It was frustrating not to be able to get around the island, so you know, we kept trying to do that, and to surrender, to admit defeat, is never a very pleasant experience." The question remained, why couldn't Team *Saquish* "get around the island? Kees Harschel put his finger on that, analyzing the problem, and hopefully correcting it when he later came to this country. Listen to Kees:

"... they rounded the island and it was one hour that they rowed at that position in the open water, not able to progress in the direction of the finish. I think a coxswain makes a lot of mistakes at that moment. He rounds the island, he should realize that if he is not making progress, he has to try something else. There is something you can do on the boat, you can take another course, you can go back to the shore, to shallow waters, and then into the harbor again. Then you are out of the race, but you have saved your team. The coxswain should realize what his responsibilities are, he is responsible for what is happening in the boat, and for the crew.

One of the members of the womens' team came to me and asked whether it was me who stopped them rowing, and ordered them into the lifeboat. I said yes. Then every piece of the puzzle came together for her. The idea of

Jessica and Sean McKenna just after she stepped off the Coast Guard boat that rescued her at sea on Saturday.



the coxswain making a decision and not acting like a sack of beans in the back of the boat. Right or wrong, but no discussion aboard, ashore we can have a discussion. Waiting for the weather to change, that's the worse thing you can do as a coxswain. And what happened to these women is an example of wrong coaching, wrong coxing."

While the womens' quest for team and country was being aborted amidst wild wind and wave, ashore the rest of Team *Saquish* was thinking more about the safety of the women, than the winning of the race. Sean McKenna stood at the finish line with the American flag that he had hoped to wave as a victory salute, wearing a wondering and worried expression, reflected in his later words, "... I knew they were just having an awful time because it didn't look good out there, and they just weren't having any fun, you just want to be out there helping them, but obviously you can't. You just hope they come back. You hope they are not completely devastated, and that their spirits aren't totally broken, but they're champs, that's all I can say."

There was great relief when the rescue boat was spied at a distance entering the harbor, the Team *Saquish* women huddled aboard. A few minutes later, those of us on the wharf shared the womens' frustration as we watched them filing from the boat onto the wharf, some wearing brave but forced smiles, and others openly showing their disappointment, Jessica unable to contain her tears.

Having to be plucked from the IJsselmeer may have been a low point, but the spirits of Jessica were revived over the next twenty-four hours, that experience standing as a metaphor for the experience of the rest of her crew, and all Team *Saquish*.

First of all, there was Jessica's warm reunion with Sean when she stepped off the rescue boat. Then came the wild, but strangely soothing, stormy day party later in the huge tent set up near the finish line by the Royal Netherlands Yacht Club for the thousand or more rowers and their attendants. Let Jessica tell about that:

"Well, we walked into the tent and realized everybody was standing on the tables and chairs, not figuratively, but literally standing on the tables dancing, clapping, cheering, they were saying stuff in Dutch, I had no idea what was going on in Dutch, but it was wild, and then eventually the band started playing music. Well, they were playing music throughout this cheering and announcing session. They were bringing up different teams, I don't really know why, but then the band started playing music for people to dance to, and people were dancing, sort of. Some of the organizers stealthily removed benches and tables. Everybody was dancing.

The beer cups were being tossed, anything was just tossed, your garbage was just thrown over your shoulder. It was the most bizarre thing, coming from recycling heaven! It started like 5 o'clock. We left at 10 o'clock. I mean we're standing there going, my God it's 7 o'clock, look what's going on. It was a lot of fun. Apparently the Dutch like to spit and throw beer which was amusing. They literally take a gulp and spit it out onto other people in the crowd. They were singing, and at one point it was sort of like name that tune, trying to figure out what song it was. They were singing in Dutch, but it was one we knew, like "I Will Survive", but in Dutch. We tossed,

we didn't spit, but we did toss. It was a ball, we were dancing up a storm. It was a lot of fun!" Plainly, Jessica's spirits had been somewhat lifted by the time she and Sean went to sleep in the deep of the barge late Saturday evening.

Sunday, the last day of the races, was a reprise of Friday, a bright sun rising high in a blue sky, cool temperatures, and a moderate wind and sea, perfect for racing. And race is what both crews of Team *Saquish* did, the men to a third place finish, and the women finding redemption and a further lift in their spirits in staying the course to finish to the cheers of the crowd. Jessica and Pine were of a mind about that. Jessica, "Not disappointed! Today I was happy we crossed the finish line." Pine, "Today we had a pretty good race. Yeah, I mean we finished the race. It felt like we could hold our heads up again..."

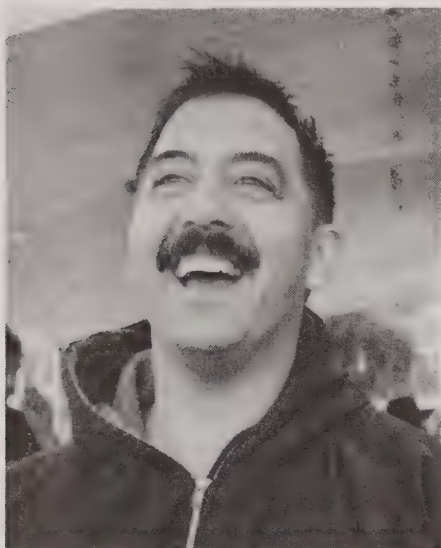
Jessica's spirits, indeed the spirits of all members of Team *Saquish* and their friends, reached their apogee at the award ceremony on Sunday afternoon, at which the festive goodwill even surpassed the party the previous evening. Not only were spirits at the apogee, but so was the American flag, passed from hand to hand among Team *Saquish*, and borne proudly aloft above the heads of the swirling mass. The men and women of Team *Saquish* celebrated both themselves and their country in one long and sustained fell swoop of the stars and stripes!

Perhaps the award ceremony was the outward manifestation of several things happening simultaneously; the camaraderie that exists among rowers of both sexes and all nationalities, the hospitality of the Dutch, the patriotism, the natural exuberance of youth; all of that, and more. Everybody was having a fantastic time, people jumping up and down, myself becoming a participant and moved to dance, to hoist the flag above, and walk around with it. Although the beer was flowing and being thrown, some landing on my head, I never had the feeling that things were out of control, good feeling was everywhere, nobody got angry, and everybody was having a good time.

Perhaps there is some truth in the impression of Team *Saquish* rower Don Linde, a soft spoken woodworker from coastal Duxbury, Massachusetts, who said the type of aggression and nastiness he encounters in our own country does not seem to exist in Holland, accounting for why a party so wild was so unthreatening. Perhaps it is that those who emerge from the cloistered cities to compete in the unlimited spaces of the land and sea, cast off tension and hostility with every deep breath of clear air.

How did the Team *Saquish* mens' crew advance from their middle of the pack finishes at the international championships on the Isles of Scilly off England's Cornwall coast in 1997 and 1998, to their surprising and gratifying third place finish here at Muiden? Perhaps a certain Yankee ingenuity and resourcefulness lies behind the open and smiling countenance of its leader, Pembroke Police Sargent, Mike Jenness. While in the Scillies, Mike made a friend out of erstwhile foe Martin Langdon, last March inviting Martin to the USA to instruct the *Saquish* men and women, housing and entertaining him in his East Bridgewater home. Friend Martin remains a foe too. Indeed, Langdon once again won at Muiden, rowing for Caradon in the *Mary Newman*.

Mike and Cathy hosted Langdon assiduously and bountifully, moving him to agree to portage the very fine Caradon gig, *Ann Glanville*, all the way from Saltash, Cornwall,



Mike Jenness, Captain of Team Saquish, happy at finishing third.

to Holland, for Team Saquish's use in the races at Muiden, Team Saquish being without funds to transport its own gig across the Atlantic. During his visit, Langdon told Mike that Caradon's superior oars were crafted by Cornish master craftsman Leon Pezzack. Mike wasted no time contacting Pezzack, and commissioned him to make six oars for Team Saquish, which Leon completed only three weeks before the Muiden competition, stowing them in the Caradon gigs, and brought them that way from England to Muiden to be delivered to the Americans. Pezzack came too, and being experienced on the land and sea as a craftsman and coxswain, volunteered his services as coxswain for Team Saquish at Muiden.

Pezzack's crafting and coxing aided and abetted Team Saquish's third place finish, as did Langdon's prior instruction. Never satisfied, at Muiden Mike Jenness extended his Leon Pezzack and Dave Litchfield, coxes for Team Saquish.



invitation to the USA to Kees Harschel, resulting in Kees' later visit in December to Mike and Cathy's home, and his extended instruction to the men and women of Team Saquish. What will Mike Jenness' cartographic mind come up with next to put Team Saquish on the gig racing map of the world?

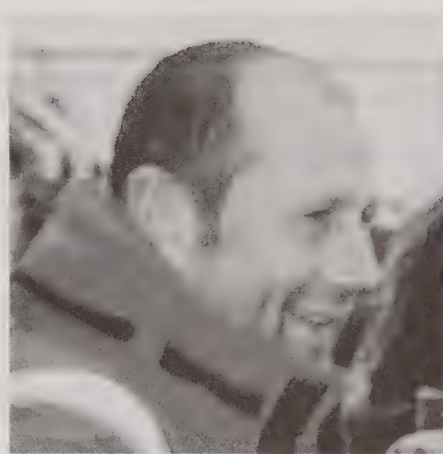
As Leon Pezzack said a few minutes after he came ashore after Sunday's finish, "Yesterday there were very strong winds, desperately difficult conditions, but today we had much better conditions. It was twice as long a race, probably forty minutes, I would guess. The boys did good. They are fighters, I can see that. Your sixteen boys have got one or two very good techniques. Get a little more togetherness with the crew, get them all getting the exact same body angle, that crew can go places."

Add what Pezzack thinks about Team Saquish and what he thinks about his own oars, and you have a potent combination. Pezzack thinks that the oars he makes are faster, and points to the unblemished (so far) record of Caradon to prove it. Asked about the speed of his oars, Pezzack says, "Without any doubt faster. Every crew is different, individuals are different, their ability, their mental attitude, but I have supplied three sets to Caradon Club for which Martin Langdon rows, and they have never lost in five years. They won the World Championships, Cornwall Championships, and other races throughout Cornwall. They are quite a dedicated bunch and get down to the finer points of technique."

Dedication and technique, camaraderie and craft, Mike Jenness is seeking to coalesce these into victory for his team, and glory to his flag, first at the upcoming championships on the Scilly Isles, and then at Sail 2000 this coming summer in Boston Harbor, when the Dutch men and women will be bringing over their colorful and colorfully named gigs such as *Neptunus*, *Jubilee*, *Gold Rush*, to compete with Team Saquish.

Kees Harschel expressed similar opinions on these subjects on his visit a few months ago. As to dedication, Kees remarks, "...now they have a lot of work to do, and they are eager to improve, and they are improving already. I think they will improve a lot this year, and they will be a big surprise this coming year at the Scillies."

As to technique, Kees expressed this, "I think that when Team Saquish chooses one



Dutchman Kees Harschel, who came across the Atlantic later on to coach Team Saquish.

person as a coxswain in whom they believe that is a first step. If the coxswain has enough information, and gives that information to each rower so that each can improve on his own, that will make a unity. You need a coxswain who can translate that ideal movement you can put on paper to what happens on the water. I think that's what a coxswain has to do. To translate the idea to every rower individually. He has to be a special person. To find that special man or woman, I instructed Team Saquish that every person should try every position, try port, try starboard, change positions in the boat, change position from rower to coxswain, maybe one of the rowers, never having coxed, will turn out to be a very good coxswain ..."

As to the question of the relationship of camaraderie to winning, Kees does not think that camaraderie alone brings winning, but believes combining it with the leadership of the coxswain, the dedication of the crew, and the excellence of the boat and its equipment, can do it. Kees believes that the crew's camaraderie sticks in the mind, and pulls the team through in times of trouble. He puts it this way, recalling affectionately the joyous Christmas party Team Saquish threw during his visit to the USA, "I call it the social side of rowing that I've experienced here at the Sinterklaas/Christmas celebration. That was marvelous! I think that when you are in that cold water in Muiden again, and you think about the heart warming moments in the Christmas celebra

Team Saquish following their third place finish in the *Ann Glanville*.



tion, then I think you come out of that trouble."

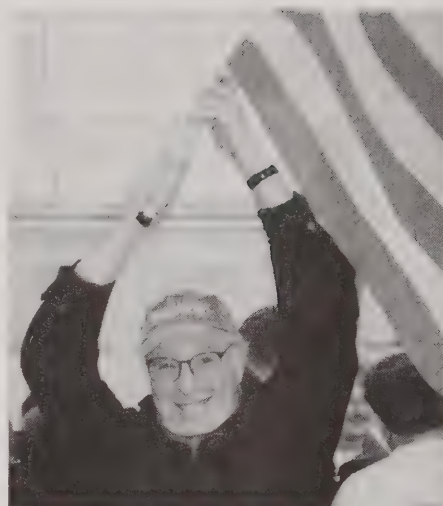
It might be ventured that the social side of rowing, the camaraderie, on which Kees remarks, extends beyond the natural world of sea, sky and air in which the races take place, to a concern for the preservation of that natural world. Pine DuBois, asked by this writer whether in some way rowing is a metaphor for her love of the environment generally, put it this way, "Yes, in the sense that you have to be able to enjoy the environment in order to be able to work hard enough to save it. I think that is how it is related. You know, you have to have a lot of endurance and stamina to work to restore some of the rivers that we've destroyed, and fix some of the pollution problems that we have created for ourselves."

I think, metaphorically, rowing is the same kind of thing, working as a team, knocking yourself out to endure something like an eight mile row, or whatever it was today. So there is a certain kind of metaphor, and it makes you stronger in your spirit, as well as

putting you in the environment that you love. I mean you do get a lot of strength and energy off that, there is no question about it." About as powerful a statement of the interconnectedness of "the social side of rowing" to the environment as might be imagined!

As to the ultimate question of whether Team *Saquish* can win the big championships on the Scillies, Kees says, "I think they can win at the Scillies. I think I'm not the only one that is not surprised at the improvement of Team *Saquish*." There is at least one other. Surely, Mike Jenness is not surprised. Who knows what is up his sleeve? Team *Saquish* has always been together. Soon they may be together out front.

Week after week, the beat goes on. Arising before the sun, the men and women of Team *Saquish* are out every Sunday to row their gigs down Duxbury's Snug Harbor, out to Clark's Island, getting to know themselves, each other, and their gigs better and better. Bring on the Scillies!



This writer getting into the spirit of the occasion.



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Small Boating On New York's Erie Canal

A Practical Guide For Muscle-Powered Cruisers Part 1

By Jack Hornung

During 1997, I had the good fortune to realize a lifelong dream, with the exception of its lake sections, I travelled all of the famous east-west Erie Canal and its north-south branches. The western portion of the canal, some 150 miles, was done by houseboat with my wife and daughter. But the great majority, about 300 miles, I rowed in my Adirondack guideboat, camping along the way in the company of my faithful dog, Ursa. To my delight, I found the canal especially suited to the small boater.

Scout troops, honeymooners, water pals, or soloists like myself can have a wonderful, safe, inexpensive vacation touring this unique waterway. But when I was planning my trip, the specific small boat information I sought beforehand was not available. Therefore to help fellow small boaters, and to promote greater use of the Erie Canal, I wish to share what I learned.

Small boaters will find doing portions or all of the riverine sections of the Erie Canal extremely satisfying. The great majority of the canal consists of clean water and is surprisingly wild or semi-wild, despite the large popu-



lation living near it. I know of no other waterway where you will encounter such variety; pastoral fields, wooded banks, dramatic cliffs, wetlands, wildlife, architecturally fascinating nineteenth century towns, interesting small industrial cities of the twentieth century, romantic original canal ruins, historical sites as important as any in America, the amazing engineering of the locks, dams, and other features which tame the rivers and enable the canal to gently lift you up and let you down at elevation changes without the necessity of portage, protected waters to travel in, and most importantly, friendly, helpful townspeople and canal officials. Lastly, unlike remote wilderness waterways, if you have medical or other

emergencies, help is never far away.

In my voyaging, I discovered that the image I had in mind of the canal as an interesting "ditch" was mistaken. With the advent of power driven vessels, most of the canal was rerouted in the early nineteen hundreds to take advantage of the state's extensive and lovely river system. The rivers were dammed at intervals to tame the currents, were dredged and straightened in places, but nevertheless retain the distinct characteristics of rivers. I will describe three river systems which I think are best suited to muscle-powered cruising. Each lends itself to a trip of about one week's duration, although you could do them faster or take more time.

The Midstate River System (About 80 miles):

Leaving behind a wonderful cross lake view of the city of Geneva, this trip begins at Seneca Lake State Park on the northeast corner of Seneca Lake. From here, the Seneca River winds its idyllic way eastward past the small village of Waterloo and then through the larger, picturesque, historic village of Seneca Falls, site of the Women's Rights National Park. The route then crosses over a canal-made lake that drowned the falls for which the Village was named.

Leaving Seneca Falls, the river shortly crosses the shallows of the north end of Cayuga Lake. That lake's high flanking ridges direct the eye southward to the distant city of Ithaca at the lake's southern end. The river then proceeds northward through interesting locks.

Now the Seneca River wends its way northward through very low-lying, marshy ground, the famous Montezuma Swamp where so many early canal builders died of malaria and snakebite. The swamp, with its profusion of birdlife, is now protected as the National Montezuma Wildlife Refuge. Just north of the refuge, the river joins the main east-west canal and the route turns east.

Here begins a surprisingly unsettled section of the route. Toward the end of this stretch,

some houses are to be found around Cross Lake, and then at the outskirts of Baldwinsville, the first town encountered since leaving Seneca Falls. Leaving Baldwinsville, the river then dips southeast to the northern end of Onondaga Lake, the Branch Canal route to the Syracuse Terminal. The Seneca River then swings back north to Three Rivers Junction.

At Three Rivers, the westward-flowing Oneida River adds its flow to the Seneca River to form the northward-flowing Oswego River,

a branch of the canal leading to Lake Ontario and the lake port of Oswego. It is well worth a side trip to follow the Oneida River to the eastern end of Oneida Lake. Here, in its eastern portions, I found what I thought was perhaps the loveliest, intimate and idyllic portion of the entire canal system.

You should camp at the very attractive Canal Park at Lock 23 and ask the lockmaster to show you the still-operative power generating machinery and controls. A few miles east of the lock is the village of Brewerton at the

The oldest operating knitting mill in the U.S.A is at Seneca Falls, seen from the Cayuga-Seneca Canal.





Early era powerhouses in immaculate condition still control the locks.





On the Cayuga-Seneca Canal, "whose canal is this anyway?"



Locking through a deep lock.



A wonderful campsite at the Canal park at the eastern end of the Oneida River, a commercial barge is locking through.

western end of Oneida Lake. If the wind is blowing at all, and if you sally forth into the bay at the end of the lake, you will quickly see why I think Oneida Lake should be avoided by small boaters.

Returning to Three Rivers, the route follows the Oswego River north. The first town encountered is Phoenix, so named because it was rebuilt after a disastrous fire. A stop at the locks is worthwhile to visit the town, view the wide falls created by the dam, or to camp. Downstream from Phoenix, the river widens and passes through the city of Fulton which, like Oswego, has what to me is the attractive dramatic interest of the industrial town of the first half of the twentieth century.

Between Fulton and Oswego, the River widens further, a favorable current makes itself evident, and high wooded banks preclude camping. If you need to camp before taking out at Oswego, do so at Lock 5, just south of the city. Otherwise, finish at Oswego, taking out at the last dock on the right before the river enters Lake Ontario, visible right in front of you.

Other than breaking an oarlock and having to have a spare one flown to me, nothing dramatic happened to me on the Midstate River System. It was simply peaceful, lovely, and very satisfying in its own quiet way.

(To Be Continued)

Cattails and ruins on the lovely Oswego River.





Limpet and crew ready for launch.



Moored alongside. First camp.

Big beach, lots of charcoal.



The Bro John Cruise

By Jim Thayer

Last winter, on the way to Cancun, I ran into my brother John and casually mentioned Kim Apel's proposed trip to Bahia de los Angeles down in Baja. Bro immediately signed on. Come April Kim had trouble getting a group together. Bro John, not being one to sit by the phone, showed up on my doorstep, hot to go sailing. Just back from six weeks in Mexico, I felt somewhat constrained to catch up on some projects so I suggested that we just nip down to Powell and take a short cruise.

Tuesday, April 20: The weather is looking a little unsettled and I am content to just putter around the house, but Janis keeps asking when we are going. She offers all sorts of food items but insists that she won't pack the cooler till we are ready to go. Guess we gotta do it.

We throw a bunch of stuff in the truck and then swing by 130 Chipeta, the downtown shop, to pick up the Limpet. We toss in a pair of kit oars that are glued up but unfinished. Somebody keeps selling all the good stuff!

We gassed up in Green River and soon turned south under a thickening overcast. There were some really stiff gusts and little dunes encroaching on the road as we paralleled the San Rafael southward. Pulling in at the north end of Bullfrog, we passed up a nice lagoon, blasted through some sand, and eased ever so slightly past a "No Vehicles" sign for a better slant down the bank.

It was a fairly good spot with a pretty good point for launching. With the boat overboard, we turned our attention to the oars. In my formative boatbuilding years I routinely made oars on the road. I remember getting out a couple of pair under a tree in North Carolina while waiting for a waterpump for the old Volvo. Of course I carried a suitable kit in the old days, but in the present case we were reduced to a couple of jack knives and a piece of sandpaper. None the less we soon had them slicked up and vrnished. They have since gone off to Wisconsin with a Livery kit.

There was steak for supper and then we sat in the back of the truck reading. Finally, there was a fierce blow which required that Bro re-engineer his tent, after which, he crawled in to prevent it's leaving.

Wednesday, April 21: There was some early sun but it soon clouded up. We weren't far along when I realized that I hadn't put my tent in. Oh, well, there's no need of a tent at Powell.

We ran north toward what appeared to be a dead end, but which I seemed to remember from a previous Kokopelli, opened in to a passage around a large island, and thence back south. Because of the large water level swings at Powell, one never knows whether a previous course is tenable or not. The shoreline changes radically from one season to the next.

We did get through, but not without a struggle. We held one tack a fraction too long and the rudder caught on a bush near a lee shore. We wore ship a couple of times while minding the cb and managed to get out without using an oar. To get through a sticky wicket without using the oars is one of the keenest parts of the sailing game. It's a large part of

the charm of the small boat. One dasn't be so cavalier with a big boat. As we came around into the western channel we stopped for a walk, and soon thereafter, for lunch.

Continuing on south we soon noticed one of those end-of-the-world blue-black clouds building over the Waterpocket fold. Time to get the rain gear on and snug up the snorter. It came on with a blast and Bro John wondered if the waves would give us trouble. I assured him that there wasn't enough fetch to build anything serious as we were only 1-200 yds off the weather shore.

With these short boats and a non-reefing sail, a stiff wind produces a fierce weather helm, enough so that one can't sail to windward. The drill is to get the snorter drum tight, and raise the cb some to get the resistance aft. With a daggerboard it helps to raise it some so that the rudder is a greater part of the whole. If possible, favor the tack which puts the sail against the sprit. Thus rigged, and with the sail broad off, you can sheet in some and start making progress to windward. Sheet right in like you see the big boys doing and she just weathervanes.

We took some spray but got ashore with no trouble. I went off on a short hike barefoot. It was sandy and easy going as long as I kept a sharp eye out for cactus. I made a large circle and found myself amidst an expanse of sharp rocks. The rule in this canyon country is to always go back the way you came. I now realize that this applies to barefoot hiking as well.

The worst soon blew over and we carried on south, the wind free, for the pass leading to Hall's Crossing Bay. Through the pass, we came hard on the wind, working north and toward the western shore where the Fold plunges right into the lake, creating lots of snug harbors. It was nearing 5 and had been a long day so I ran into a likely looking bay and lucked onto a decent spot. I tied a bow line to a bush and ran a stern anchor ashore so that she was canted up on the sand, so that any water might drain to the low side.

The place was a popular camp, judging from all the fire rings spread around. I grabbed the bailer and set about collecting charcoal, getting about three dollars worth in short order. We soon had a pot going for a cup-o-soup and followed on with a couple of rib eyes. A friend, headed to Chicago, had distributed a freezer of meat, so we were chomping high on the hog, or rather, the cow.

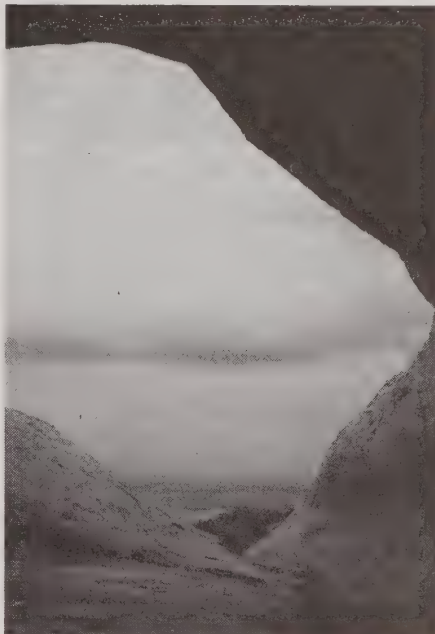
After supper we headed up the canyon, which held a live stream and a beaver dam. Bro charged ahead while I lingered over the great wildflowers. Back at camp I fired up the lantern and began to write up the log. A bit of drizzle soon drove John to his tent and me to see what might be arranged at the boat.

I jerked out the mast and laid it on the bow and stern lines, unrolling the sail over the boat. The sprit and two oars provided deck beams and we were as snug as a bug in a rug, and with similar headroom. I sat up, the sail tucked under my chin, reading. Given a choice, I prefer a clear night, for the open-boat sailor, unless he has a well engineered cover, cannot appreciate the pitter-patter of rain on the roof. Still, even with a haywire lashup, there is a certain charm in a drizzly evening, as long as you can keep the bag dry.

Thursday, April 22: Overcast this morn and dead still. I slept in till eight and then had a breakfast of fried bread. Bro John is a live off the land man, so in an urban setting he

becomes a dumpster gourmet. His speciality, at least at our house, is pizza bread. It is customary for pizza people to put their unused dough in a bag and chuck it in the dumpster at closing time. If you are diffident about this type of shopping, you will find that daybreak Sunday morning is the best time. Just make rolls or put it in a pan and let rise. It can be somewhat variable but usually is quite good and travels well.

When we first launched, Bro clambered aboard with his gross Arkansas stompers encrusted with mud and sand. I said nary a word and was relieved to see that he immediately set to work cleaning up. It was the same story at each subsequent stop. This morn, and for the rest of the trip, I followed his example, conceding that it was the more reasonable under the circumstances.



View from cave.

We set off rowing and went round to the next canyon where we hiked to a large cave. We then put in at the next lead where we hiked to a couple of arches close against the wall. Back in the boat there was a hazy sun but little warmth. The next canyon found us hanging the mainsheet on a dead tree, fighting the bushes, and still settling for a muddy landing. We had a leisurely lunch and then hiked the south rim of the canyon, which turned out to be the wrong side as we couldn't get down to the bottom.

By this time the wind had worked around to the SE so we had an easy run up the bay with Bro at the helm. The head of the bay appeared to be a mass of bushes so we gave it a wide berth and swung east, hard on the wind. The place that beckoned from afar turned out to be rather rocky and held a houseboat to boot. We had been keeping a wary eye on a rain-storm down south which was edging our way, and it now came upon us. Provisionally, a little cove opened up with a sandy beach and some trees for shelter.

I decided to sleep ashore, so the mast was tied to the base of some trees and the sprit was clipped to some branches about three feet up. The sail was run over the sprit and poled out with the oars. It looked pretty shipshape but the steady rain dampened my Robinson Crusoe yearnings.



Laying stone path across mud.

Shelter taken care of, we set a cup-o-soup to steep with hot water from the thermos, while we busied ourselves with the fire. There is plenty of wood available from the tamerisk which gets flooded when the lake rises. Except at top of the pool, plenty is usually available, nicely dried. It's quite a lot of work to gather, which generally precludes a white man fire. A pair of leather gloves is in order for harvesting the stuff. Upon reflection, it's a good thing that the lake level fluctuates a lot, else the entire shore, save the solid rock, would be an impenetrable thicket of bush.

With the fire going, a pot of oxtail stew, prepared by my personal chef, was set to heating. The stew and a large chunk of pizza bread helped, but the steady drizzle, more than a drizzle at times, put a damper on the affair. Bro John, hunched in some kind of old surplus poncho, a square of plastic draped over his head, his grizzled visage largely hidden behind a wild-man beard, looked like some derelict from under a bridge. The sail leaked some and it was rather a long night.

Friday, April 23: Morning dawned, well, it just lightened up a little, still dripping and with a heavy cloud down over the top of the Waterpocket. We soon had a fire going with

Indian fire. Elegant raingear.





Hail camp. Waterpocket fold in background.

Muddy take out.



tinder that John had wisely squirreled away. A random glance revealed that the Waterpocket had turned white and that there was a curious disturbance advancing across the water. The hail was quickly upon us. Bro John wondered how long it would take to get back to the truck. His words fell upon ears carefully tuned for any such hint of termination. We packed the boat, plodding stoically back and forth in the drizzle.

We paddled out to the bay and with a light east wind were soon headed south. We detoured through a narrow pass between two islands and close reached eastward toward an anchored sailboat, an extremely rare sight. The Waterpocket meanwhile was bathed in brilliant sunshine while all around was murk and gloom. The wind falling very light, we rowed south to the Bullfrog pass where we rejoined our outward track.

The leg north was slow enough that the sun finally caught up and we lazed along like a couple of sailing lizards. The breeze came and went so that Bro alternated between the oars and his magazine. The takeout was uneventful except that the rain had revived the mud, which sorely tested Old Datsun. We knocked over a couple more steaks and hit the trail for home. The moral of course is make a list and be prepared. However, it's always nice to have a war story for the boys at the bar. Being a boatbuilder, it helps to counter those people who are always telling me what a cushy life I lead.

End of trip steak orgy.



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Meanwhile...

Herb and Myrna, who lived on their 42' Alden ketch on the Hackensack River at Carlstadt, decided not to live together anymore. Herb was interviewing potential shipmates, all of whom were incredibly cute. I guess none of them qualified because he sold that lovely old boat to my friend Wesley Strange for, I think, \$8000. He and I sailed her a few times on the mighty Hackey. She was a joy to sail. She behaved perfectly, was easy to maneuver because of her rig, and would ghost along in the lightest air. Her lovely lines made her motion through water elegant.

Wesley was interviewing crew for his bachelor pad when he met Kathy Clarke. She moved onboard with him and they named the boat *Kwan Yin* for the Chinese goddess of peace. They stayed at Carlstadt for a time, but decided to move boat and all to City Island. The engine's exhaust system was disconnected. I designed and rigged a stopgap array of pipes. The engine ran well, so Wes, Kathy, her sister Meg, and I set off for City Island.

We passed through several of the Hackey's bridges and were several miles downstream when the engine began to protest against its load. It was running smoothly but very hot and gradually losing power. We dropped an anchor near the bridge that carries the eastern spur of the New Jersey Turnpike over the river. I checked everything I could think of. I even pulled and replaced the little four-banger's flathead. Everything seemed to be fine. Given a chance to cool down, it ran well once again. We proceeded on and went through more bridges. Halfway down Newark Bay the engine packed it in. It wouldn't run, start, or pop. The marina behind the old Roosevelt Stadium in Jersey City beckoned. We hailed a passing powerboat and they grudgingly towed us back through the last two bridges we'd passed. The towboat skipper was using all his horsepower in an effort to break the towline or pull the bitts out of our deck. Once through the bridges, we cast off the tow and raised all the sails. The old Alden gleefully strutted her stuff. There was barely a breath of air, but she nonchalantly glided up the channel and across the shallows, right up to the dock.

Wesley brought an engine man to the boat and the solution to the engine problem was obvious to him. I had failed to recognize classic textbook symptoms of too much exhaust back pressure. The jury rig I'd set up was trying to push spent cooling water up the exhaust pipe to the transom. They rigged a simple dry stack out through the engine hatch and proceeded happily to City Island.

Once moored at their new Bronx home, Wes and Kathy met an old wood boatbuilder. His name was Burt Johnson. Burt helped them do extensive work, replacing many ribs and planks and generally going over the entire boat to make it shipshape. Wes and Kathy were entertaining dreams of sailing to England and treated all repairs accordingly.

The Alden was a great sailing boat and made a very cozy home for them, too. In the frozen depths of a winter I visited my floating friends. The wood burning stove cast a welcome golden warmth and the gently swaying kerosene lamp provided light and snug comfort. We were chatting away when we heard a knocking on the boat. I was puzzled but Wes and Kathy seemed to recognize the knock. Wes reached across the cabin toward me and I



Adventures of a New Jersey Boat Nut

Part 12

Boating from Behind the Statue of Liberty

By Steve Turi © 1998

I must down to the seas again, for
the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may
Not be denied.
John Masfield

leaned over on the bunk to let him get whatever it was he was after. There was a porthole through the hull behind me, not far above the water. I was surprised when Wes suddenly opened it. A blast of cold air rushed in and was accompanied by the long, white head and neck of a swan. Mr. Swan was very business-like and greedily gobbled the bits of food my hosts offered to him. He withdrew just as abruptly as he entered, clearly unwilling to socialize. Kathy said he was a very regular visitor.

Time went on. In winter they tied at Kretzer's dock but in summer, to save money, they moored out, commuting by dinghy. Eventually their first daughter was born and then another. Realizing it was time to go ashore, they sold *Kwan Yin* to a Japanese man who dealt in books. They now live happily in a house in western Pennsylvania with their three girls and one boy.

I was having a chocolate creme at the City Island Diner this past August (1998) when I spotted Burt Johnson at a table. We gabbed a bit and he asked me about "the kids." He also told me that the Japanese man had abandoned the boat at an island boatyard and the yard had broken the boat for scrap.

Work for Sale


Before Wes took *Kwan Yin* to City Island, I saw an interesting ad in the Sunday Times boating section. It said, "Earn sailing time on charter fleet boats by working to prepare them for the new season." I called the number and spoke to Glenn Card, the proprietor of the New York Sailing School. The boats were J-24's located in an old boatyard at the north end of City Island. I arose early on a cold raw Saturday morning in late March and reported for duty. The camaraderie among us volunteers was pleasant and after a few long Saturdays of scraping, sanding, and painting we had earned our free rental credits.

Spring came, but before we were allowed to take any boats out we had to be checked out. We met one of the instructors on another Saturday morning and dinghied out to the school's 28' cruising sailboat. We reviewed basic safety stuff and were to practice picking up a mooring. The engine would not start. A glum mood prevailed. After a lot of crawling around beneath the cockpit, I ascertained that the carburetor float was stuck, freed it, and off we went. We returned happy and "checked out." "Ah Steve," said Glenn Card, "I don't know what we'd do without you."

I only sailed two boats there that season, once with Cyril Penn on a Rhodes 19, and once with my cousin Frank on a J-24. It rained on the Rhodes. I found the J-24 to be a very nervous and twitchy boat. I guess it was a fast racer, but for simple pleasure sailing it was very demanding on the crew, needing constant attention. I didn't return to the program the following year.

I understand that Glenn Card has passed away and his son now runs the New York Sailing School at a different location on the east side of City Island.

(To Be Continued)



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"Hey, let's stop for lunch," Carol suggested as we were cruising up the west coast of Florida on Interstate 75.

"Sounds good!" I responded. We were pulling our SeaPearl 21 back from a week's cruise in the Ten Thousand Islands of the Everglades. I throttled back from seventy miles an hour and took the next exit leading to Venice, Florida. When I got to the bottom of the ramp, the person behind us was flashing his lights and gesticulating out the window. We pulled over and he stopped behind us. "A flat tire?" I wondered to myself as I got out of the car.

When I walked back to the trailer, I saw to my horror that the right wheel was canted out at 45 degrees. It had that sickening look of a broken leg after a skiing accident. A quick inspection showed that we did indeed have a broken axle. The good Samaritan said that he knew of a nearby trailer place he would lead us to. Following his lead, we limped along at slow speed with our flashers going. Carol could see the crippled wheel in the side mirror. It was throwing rubber off as it scraped against the frame. We both held our breath, hoping it would make it to the trailer place. "Quit asking me if it's still there!" she finally told me.

After driving what seemed like an interminable distance, we pulled into the parking lot of ERB Trailer Sales. We thanked our guide and told our plight to the young man working at the desk. He came out and looked at the broken axle, but first he admired our boat. He was intrigued by the design of our SeaPearl and its shallow draft. He told us about his own small boat and how much he had enjoyed sailing it. We took an immediate liking to this fellow sailor. When he measured our axle, he said that he had nothing in stock that would fit. However, he said that he could fabricate one in several hours and have us back on the road. We were ecstatic! I tied the stern of *WhiteCap* to an old car in their parking lot and launched her on the grass. This freed up the trailer, so that he could weld on it.

We talked boats for awhile, and then he sent us on our way for lunch. We ate at the Crow's Nest, a delightful restaurant overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway and inlet from

Cruising The Everglades II

By John Gignilliat

the Gulf. We enjoyed an excellent lunch while watching boats come and go. We even had some extra time for a swim at the beach.

When we got back to the trailer shop, we found our trailer ready to go. He had replaced the axle, put on new springs, changed out both tires with new ones, fixed the pin for our Magic Tilt, and replaced the strap on the winch. Our bill came to under three hundred dollars. We couldn't thank him enough. It was a busy shop that he and his father ran, and he had made us a priority job and yet charged us a fair price. Before we left I got up the nerve to ask him what would have happened if that axle had broken loose at seventy miles an hour on the freeway.

"Basically, you're chocking your vehicle on the freeway," he said. "The whole rig will just dig into the pavement. I had a fellow here last month that it happened to. It busted the hitch and tore the trailer from his truck. The trailer went off on its own and flipped. His boat broke loose from the trailer and went sliding off on its own. He had to get two of those flatbed trucks to tow the boat and the trailer back here. His tow bill alone came to over \$900." As an afterthought, he added, "My dad could hardly believe you guys made it here. After I torched the old axle off, it broke in two as I was carrying it to the scrap heap. You guys are some kind of lucky. We are the only place in a hundred mile radius that does this kind of work." Over lunch, we had discussed our good luck. Luck seemed too casual of a word, maybe guided or directed or blessed.

A week earlier, we had arrived at the Ten Thousand Islands, the Gulf of Mexico side of Everglades National Park. We found that the National Park Service only had launching capabilities for canoes and kayaks, so we went across the street to a small marina. Just before we headed out, someone spotted our two masts and then warned us that we would have to go under a bridge. That was no problem for our

unstayed main and mizzen mast, neither weighing more than 14lbs. I quickly had them down and stowed on deck. With no motor on *WhiteCap*, I began rowing down the channel to the bridge and out to open water.

We reached the bridge to find a strong contrary current sweeping underneath. I told Carol to aim directly between two of the abutments and try to keep us dead center. The sweep of our 12' oars made us 24' wide. This only left us several feet of clearance off our oar tips. I adjusted my seat, positioned the oars, and began taking long, hard pulls. We had an audience of Latinos fishing off the bridge and nearby banks, as we inched our way through the opening. I could just barely overcome the current, but taking even a moment's rest would lose everything I had gained. There was a moment of panic when one of the oars got jammed in the oarlock, but I quickly freed it.

We finally made it through and I continued rowing out far enough for Carol to set the anchor. Phew, that was definitely aerobic exercise, I thought as I was still huffing and puffing. I heard that the SeaPearl was a copy of a Herrshoff dory to be used in an Arctic exploration. It had been designed more with rowing in mind than sailing. I am not sure if that is true, but I do know that she is a wonderful boat to row.

We sailed off the anchor and headed across shallow Chokoloskee Bay towards Indian Key Pass, the only well marked channel leading out to the Gulf. We were looking for the peace and quite of the Everglades, but this area was more like Grand Central Station. We sailed close by the small plane airport of Everglades City. One plane after another roared by overhead. When we got to the pass, there was a noisy stream of boats coming and going. Everglades City was holding its annual seafood festival, which might have accounted for all the heavy traffic.

I rowed several miles up the channel, until the wind was free enough to sail. We had a pleasant ten knot sea breeze as we approached Indian Key, the last island before we came out into the Gulf of Mexico. The beautiful white sands beach of Indian Key beckoned, so we sailed over and beached *WhiteCap*. We waded ashore, admiring the beauty of this island. Carol headed into the brush for a call of nature. Within seconds, she was running towards the boat, still pulling up her drawers, and followed by a cloud of mosquitoes! We shoved off and got underway, swatting mosquitoes while we tried to make our escape. We had learned that the islands are nice to look at but not to visit.

We sailed out a little ways and set the anchor for a swim. I was hot and sweaty from rowing in the eighty degree sunshine, so it was a wonderfully refreshing swim. With the perfect ten knot sea breeze off our beam, we continued southeast skirting the Everglades. While gliding across the wind-rippled water, I saw a stingray break the surface and leap completely out of the water.

We had a delightful eight mile sail until we spotted the campsite at Rabbit Key. A couple had already set up their camp on the beach. We could see their kayaks pulled up on shore. I suggested anchoring in a deep spot behind Rabbit Key nearby, but the first mate chided me for wanting to anchor within sight of this other couple. "With ten thousand islands, we should be able to find an anchorage out of their sight." I agreed, and we found a



good spot behind Crate Key. We checked out a pretty lagoon in the middle of the island, but thought it too still and potentially mosquitoey.

Carol proceeded to set up the pram tent over the main hatch, while I started up our trusty Whisperlite camp stove. Carol had dehydrated a delicious meal of sweet and sour pork tenderloin that we planned to have over rice. We were both hungry. Three tries and I still could not get the stove to work properly. As daylight was fast fading, I quickly field stripped the entire stove and put it back together. It still did not work but would flame-out on one side. A very close inspection revealed a small pinhole leak that was causing the malfunction. There was no way to repair it. I thought I could handle seven days of cold food, but the thought of no morning cup of coffee was very depressing. We shared a meal of cold rehydrated sweet and sour pork tenderloin, which I found none too appetizing.

The next morning I suggested that we sail back to Everglades City, take the one hour drive to Naples, buy a new stove, and start off again. We went back through Sandfly Pass and were excited to see several manatees foraging in the channel. We were soon back under the bridge and to the launch site. We jumped in our truck and headed out for Naples, expecting to be there in under an hour. We had forgotten about the seafood festival in Everglades City, and we found the traffic horrendous. After a half an hour, we had only gotten one mile out of town. Carol said that this was crazy, so I gave up and pulled out to make a U-turn.

I had not seen a vehicle coming, so I tried pull off the road to let them by. Unfortunately, I got too far over and became stuck. The approaching car stopped and waited, while I spun my wheels trying to get back on the highway. Once I realized the vehicle waiting for me was a state trooper, I became even more flustered. Three times I stalled the truck before I finally got back on the highway. My ears were red, my heart was pounding, and my eyes were glued to the rear view mirror as I waited for his flashers to go on. He never pulled us over as we drove back to the marina.

I went into the little marina store and asked them to brew up a fresh pot of coffee. I was buying the whole pot for our thermos. At least I would have warm coffee tomorrow morning. I bought plenty of snacks since we would not be able to have hot meals for the next week. Carol laughed when she saw all my extra supplies and the thermos of coffee. "Gee," she said, "Guess what I just bought. While you were in the store, I was talking to the dock master and they just happen to sell camp stoves!"

Finding the way in the Everglades is a true challenge to the navigator. I thought that it was difficult in the North Channel and Georgian Bay of Lake Huron with all the rocks and islands melding together, but the Everglades takes it one notch higher. Other than an occasional fellow boater or campsite, there is nothing manmade in the Glades to use as a landmark. The flash of a canoe paddle five miles away stands out like a sore thumb in this vast sameness. We had one of the canoe and kayak guides tell us that all week when he took a group out, they would see our red sails somewhere or other in the Glades.

Indian Key Pass, the main channel from Everglades City out to open water, was well marked by the Coast Guard, but that was it for aids to navigation. We found a few posts mark-



Different Routes Taken by *Whitecap* from and to Everglades City Ten Thousand Islands/Everglades

ing another popular pass, but nothing else. The park service maintains chickees (an Indian term for platforms built above the water) that boaters can reserve for the night. They are scattered ten to fifteen miles apart. Coming up to one of these chickees, with their plastic portajohn sticking into the air, is like being lost a sea and finding the Hatteras Lighthouse. They are all marked on the chart so are definite fixes.

This area is known as the Ten Thousand Islands, and that is no exaggeration. Every island looks identical. The only thing different about these islands was their names...Panther Key, Tiger Key, Turtle Key, Turkey Key, Buzard Key, Bird Key, Picnic Key, Pavilion Key, Mosquito Key, Jack Daniels Key, Stop Key, and so on. Once we got out in the Gulf, the

shoreline looked like one continuous wall of green. There was no variation in height, depth, coloration, or shading. Only an exceptionally large island or one of the chickees would give us a clue to our position. The game was to navigate with just a compass and a chart. Of course, the hand held GPS was tucked away just in case. Four times I had to resort to it.

There was one time in particular when we needed a satellite fix. We had a beautiful broad reach on a ten knot sea breeze, sailing just offshore in the Gulf of Mexico. Never sailing in more than four feet of water, we cut inside of Pavilion Key on our way to Huston River Inlet. I duly noted the small print on the chart that stated, "Local knowledge is necessary to avoid numerous bars." Maybe our six inch draft would compensate for local knowl-



edge, I thought to myself. The inlet was very tricky to find and I confirmed my guess with the GPS. We headed towards shore with sails spread apart wing on wing.

The afternoon sea breeze was at its strongest, and it seemed as if we were really flying. We spotted some markers with red and green arrows. Somehow, they were marking the channel and we followed them in. At the last minute, Carol spotted a marker far off to the right. "Oops!" I said to her, "It looks like we're taking a shortcut." We were racing along under full sail, when suddenly our peace was shattered by an awful screeching, scraping noise. We were sailing over an oyster bed that was somewhat less than 6" below the surface. It had the sound of several thousand razor blades, hooked up to an amplifier, scraping across a blackboard. Before we could react, we were across and into clear water.

We were over the bar and into the Huston River. Initially, there was still some tricky navigation to avoid cul-de-sacs, false channels, shallows, and wrong turns. Once past this, I breathed a sigh of relief as I could see the clear outline of the river channel up ahead. After a cursory glance at the chart, I saw that all I had to do now was look for a right turn when the river forked. "A pretty nifty bit of navigation, wasn't it?" I said, fishing for a compliment. None was forthcoming, but I was still pleased.

At the fork I took the right channel. We followed a cut into Huston Bay which seemed narrower than indicated on the chart. "The mangroves must have grown in since the chart," I commented to Carol. We messed around in Huston Bay for awhile, but I was disappointed at how shallow it was. Even though the chart indicated enough water, we seemed to be running aground where ever we went. We found a spot to anchor and I suggested, "Let's go back out to the Gulf tomorrow. The sailing seems better and we can just poke in when we want to explore." Carol agreed.

The next morning we woke up to a light fog. After a cup of coffee, the haze lifted enough for us to begin making way. Before manning the oars, I showed the chart to Carol, explaining how we would just circle this island and go back down the Huston River. I put my back to the oars while Carol steered. "Hey," she said, "that sure looks like the Gulf up ahead."

"No, no, it can't be," I reassured her. "The Gulf is five miles down the river. What you're seeing is a fog bank covering the mangroves."

"Oh," she replied.

I turned around to confirm my explanation. The fog had lifted and, to my utter amazement, there was the Gulf of Mexico, five miles out of position. There was a large fishing boat cruising by, removing any possible doubt. This was like walking into a bar in Milwaukee, having a drink, then stepping out the door into Chicago! I was totally disoriented and confused. I grabbed the GPS, still trying to figure out what was going on. After plotting our position, I finally realized what we had done. I

had taken the fork in the river three miles too soon and ended up in several small bays right at the entrance. It was a classic example of the navigator distorting, contorting, and deforming facts to fit where he thinks he is.

"Yep," dryly commented the first mate, "a nifty bit of navigation."

Once we had a handle on the navigation, we began to explore the Everglades in earnest. When we again exited to the Gulf of Mexico via Indian Key Pass, there were a number of choices as we traveled south to get back into the Glades. It started with Sandfly Pass, and continued on with Chokoloskee Pass, Rabbit Key Pass, the Huston River, the Chatham River, and Lost Man's River. Taking any one of these passes or rivers led into the Everglades about five miles where there were a number of interconnected bays, each one a mile or two across that ran parallel to the coast. Thus one could plot all kinds of loops alternating between the Gulf of Mexico and the Everglades. By playing the land and sea breezes and watching the tidal currents, we were able to sail prac-



Entering Lostmans River from Gulf of Mexico
Ten Thousand Islands/Everglades



tically everywhere in five to fifteen knot winds. Only once did we even think of reefing. I do not believe that I used the oars more than three or four times.

Once was when we were attempting to negotiate the half mile long Plate Creek, a narrow connector between Plate Creek Bay and Dad's Bay. I barely had enough room to pull the oars without hitting the mangroves. About halfway through, the mainmast got tangled in an overhanging tree. At this point we decided to turn around and try another route. This decision was much hastened by the fact that our mast hitting the trees had awakened several million mosquitoes! I struggled to turn the boat around as Carol dove for the bug dope. Even when we got into the open water of Plate Bay, we were still slapping and swatting.

We backtracked to Two Island Bay and found a nice spot to anchor near shore. I began heating up our dinner, when Carol asked me if that log drifting nearby had two eyes! A close look with the binoculars confirmed that the log did indeed have two eyes. We must have anchored just outside this alligator's territory. All through dinner, we watched as he slowly cruised back and forth in search of the unfortunate fish or critter who got close to his jaws. As we crawled into our pram tent that evening, I asked Carol if she thought reptiles could work zippers.

About this time the selection of resting places for the night became an important feature of the voyage. It was easy to draw the little craft out of the water on to a smooth, shelving beach, but such places did not always appear at the proper time for ending the day's rowing. The banks were frequently precipitous, and, destitute of beaches, frowned down upon the lonely voyager in anything but a hospitable manner. There were also present two elements antagonistic to my peace of mind.

One was the night steamer, which, as it struggled up stream, coursing along shore to avoid the strong current, sent swashy waves to disturb my dreams by pitching my little craft about in the roughest manner. A light canoe could easily have been carried further inland, out of reach of the unwelcome waves, and would, so far as that went, have made a more quiet resting-place than the heavy duck-boat; but then, on the other hand, a sleeping-apartment in a canoe would have lacked the roominess and security of the sneak-box.

After the first few nights' camping on the Ohio, I naturally took to the channelless side of one of the numerous islands which dot the river's surface, or, what was still better, penetrated into the wild-looking creeks and rivers, more than one hundred of which enter the parent stream along the thousand miles of its course. Here, in these secluded nooks, I found security from the steamer's swash.

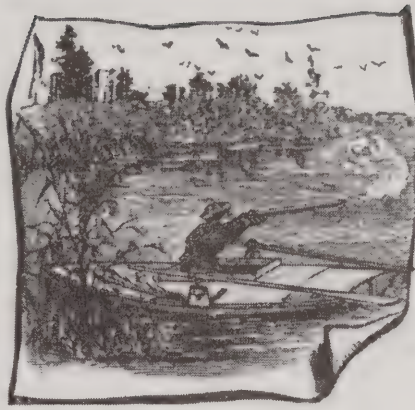
The second objectionable element on the Ohio was the presence of tramps, rough boatmen, and scoundrels of all kinds. In fact, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are the grand highway of the West for a large class of vagabonds. One of these fellows will steal something of value from a farm near the river, seize the first bateau, or skiff, he can find, cross the stream, and descend it for fifty or a hundred miles. He will then abandon the stolen boat if he cannot sell it, ship as working-hand upon the first steamer or coal-ark he happens to meet, descend the river still further, and so escape detection.

To avoid these rough characters, as well as the drunken crews of shanty-boats, it was necessary always to enter the night's camping-ground unobserved; but when once secreted on the wooded shore of some friendly creek, covered by the dusky shades of night, I felt perfectly safe, and had no fear of a night attack from any one. Securely shut in my strong box, with a hatchet and a Colt's revolver by my side, and a double-barrelled gun, carefully charged, snugly stowed under the deck, the intruder would have been in danger, and not the occupant of the sneak-box.

The hatch, or cover, which rested upon the stern of the boat during rowing-hours, was at night dropped over the hold, or well, in such a way as to give plenty of ventilation, and still, at the same time, to be easily and instantly removed in case of need.

I must not fail here to mention one characteristic feature possessed by the sneak-box which gives it an advantage over every other boat I have examined. Its deck is nowhere level, and if a person attempts to step upon it while it is afloat, his foot touches the periphery of a circle, and the spoon-shaped, keelless, little craft flies out as if by magic from under the pressure of the foot, and without further warning the luckless intruder falls into the water.

At the summer watering-places in Barnegat Bay it used to be a great source of



Four Months In a Sneak-Box

By Nathaniel H. Bishop, 1879
(1837-1902)

Chapter 4

From Blennerhasset's Island to Cincinnati

River camps - the shanty - boats and
river migrants - various experiences -
arrival at Cincinnati - the *Sneakbox*
frozen up in Pleasant Run - a tailor's
family - a night under a German
coverlet

amusement to the boatmen to tie a sneak-box to a landing, and wait quietly near by to see the city boys attempt to get into her. Instead of stepping safely and easily into the hold, they would invariably step upon the rounded deck, when away would shoot the slippery craft, and the unsuccessful boarder would fall into two feet of water, to the great amusement of his comrades. When once inside of the sneak-box, it becomes the stiffest and steadiest of crafts. Two men can stand upright upon the flooring of the hold and paddle her along rapidly, with very little careening to right or left.

By far the most interesting and peculiar features of a winter's row down the Ohio are the life-studies offered by the occupants of the numerous shanty-boats daily encountered. They are sometimes called, and justly too, family-boats, and serve as the winter homes of a singular class of people, carrying their passengers and cargoes from the icy region of the Ohio to New Orleans. Their annual descent of the river resembles the migration of birds, and we invariably find those of a feather flocking together. It would be hard to trace these creatures to their lair; but the Alleghany and Monongahela region, with the towns of the upper Ohio, may be said to furnish most of them. Let them come from where they may (and we feel sure none will quarrel for the honor of calling them citizens), the fall of the leaf seems to be the signal for looking up winter-quarters, and the river with its swift current the inviting path to warmer suns and an easy life.

The shanty-boatman looks to the river not only for his life, but also for the means of making that life pleasant; so he fishes in the stream for floating lumber in the form of boards, planks, and scantling for framing to build his home. It is soon ready. A scow, or flatboat, about twenty feet long by ten or twelve wide, is roughly constructed. It is made of two-inch planks spiked together. These scows are calked with oakum and rags, and the seams are made water-tight with pitch or tar. A small, low house is built upon the boat, and covers about two-thirds of it, leaving a cockpit at each end, in which the crews work the sweeps, or oars, which govern the motions of the shanty-boat.

If the proprietor of the boat has a family, he puts its members on board, not forgetting the pet dogs and cats, with a small stock of salt pork, bacon, flour, potatoes, molasses, salt, and coffee. An old cooking-stove is set up in the shanty, and its sheet-iron pipe, projecting through the roof, makes a chimney a superfluous. Rough bunks, or berths, are constructed for sleeping-quarters; but if the family are the happy possessors of any furniture, it is put on board, and adds greatly to their respectability. A number of steel traps, with the usual double-barrelled gun, or rifle, and a good supply of ammunition, constitute the most important supplies of the shanty-boat, and are never forgotten. Of these family-boats alone I passed over two hundred on the Ohio.

This rude, unpainted structure, with its door at each end of the shanty, and a few windows relieving the barrenness of its sides, makes a very comfortable home for its rough occupants.

If the shanty-man be a widower or a bachelor, or even if he be a married man laboring under the belief that his wife and he are not true affinities, and that there is more war in the house than is good for the peace of the household, he looks about for a housekeeper. She must be some congenial spirit, who will fry his bacon and wash his shirts without murmuring. Having found one whom he fondly thinks will "fill the bill," he next proceeds to picture to her vivid imagination the delights of "drifting." "Nothing to do," he says, "but to float with the current, and eat fresh pork, and take a hand at euchre."

The woods, he tells her, are full of hogs. They shall fall an easy prey to his unflinching gun, and after them, when further south, the golden orange shall delight her thirsty soul, while all the sugar-cane she can chew shall be gathered for her. Add to these the luxury of plenty of snuff with which to rub her dainty gums, with the promise of tobacco enough to keep her pipe always full, and it will be hard to find among this class a fair one with sufficient strength of mind to resist such an offer; so she promises to keep house for him as long as the shanty-boat holds together.

Her embarkation is characteristic. Whatever her attire, the bonnet is there, gay with flowers; a pack of cards is tightly grasped in her hand; while a worn, old trunk, tied with a cord and fondly called a "saratoga," is hoisted on board; and so, for better or for worse, she goes forth to meet her fate, or, as she expresses it, "to find luck."

More than one quarrel usually occurs during the descent of the Mississippi, and by the time New Orleans is reached the shanty-boatman sets his quondam housekeeper adrift, where, in the swift current of life, she is caught

by kindred spirits, and being introduced to city society as the Northern Lily, or Pittsburgh Rose, is soon lost to sight, and never returns to the far distant up-river country.

Another shanty-boat is built by a party of young men suffering from impecuniosity. They are "out of a job," and to them the charms of an independent life on the river is irresistible. Having pooled their few dollars to build their floating home, they descend to New Orleans as negro minstrels, trappers, or thieves, as necessity may demand.

Cobblers set afloat their establishments, calling attention to the fact by the creaking sign of a boot; and here on the rushing river a man can have his heel tapped as easily as on shore.

Tin-smiths, agents and repairers of sewing machines, grocers, saloon-keepers, barbers, and every trade indeed is here represented on these floating dens. I saw one circus-boat with a ring twenty-five feet in diameter upon it, in which a troop of horsemen, acrobats, and flying trapèze artists performed while their boat was tied to a landing.

The occupants of the shanty-boats float upon the stream with the current, rarely doing any rowing with their heavy sweeps. They keep steadily on their course till a milder climate is reached, when they work their clumsy craft into some little creek or river, and securely fasten it to the bank. The men set their well-baited steel traps along the wooded watercourse for mink, coons, and foxes. They give their whole attention to these traps, and in the course of a winter secure many skins. While in the Mississippi country, however, they find other game, and feast upon the hogs of the woods' people. To prevent detection, the skin, with the swine-herd's peculiar mark upon it, is stripped off and buried.

When engaged in the precarious occupation of hog-stealing, the shanty-man is careful to keep a goodly number of the skins of wild animals stretched upon the outside walls of his cabin, so that visitors to his boat may be led to imagine that he is an industrious and legitimate trapper, of high-toned feelings, and one "who wouldn't stick a man's hog for no money." If there be a religious meeting in the vicinity of the shanty-boat, the whole family attend it with alacrity, and prove that their BELIEF in honest doctrines is a very different thing from their daily PRACTICE of the same.

They join with vigor in the shoutings, and their "amens" drown all others, while their excitable natures, worked upon by the wild eloquence of the backwoods' preacher, seem to give evidence of a firm desire to lead Christian lives, and the spectator is often deceived by their apparent earnestness and sincerity. Such ideas are, however, quickly dispelled by a visit to a shanty-boat, and a glimpse of these people "at home."

The great fleet of shanty-boats does not begin to reach New Orleans until the approach of spring. Once there, they find a market for the skins of the animals trapped during the winter, and these being sold for cash, the trapper disposes of his boat for a nominal sum to some one in need of cheap firewood, and purchasing lower-deck tickets for Cairo, or Pittsburgh, at from four to six dollars per head, places his family upon an up-river steamer, and returns with the spring birds to the Ohio River, to rent a small piece of ground for the season, where he can "make a crop of corn,"

and raise some cabbage and potatoes, upon which to subsist until it be time to repeat his southern migration.

In this descent of the river, many persons, who have clubbed together to meet the expenses of a shanty-boat life for the first time, and who are of a sentimental turn of mind, look upon the voyage as a romantic era in their lives. Visions of basking in the sunlight, feasting, and sleeping, dance before their benighted eyes; for they are not all of the low, ignorant class I have described. Professors, teachers, musicians, all drift at times down the river; and one is often startled at finding in the apparently rough crew men who seem worthy of a better fate. To these the river experiences are generally new, and the ribald jokes and low river slang, with the ever-accompanying cheap corn-whiskey and the nightly riots over cut-throat euchre, must be at first a revelation.

Hundreds of these low fellows will swear to you that the world owes them a living, and that they mean to have it; that they are gentlemen, and therefore cannot work. They pay a good price for their indolence, as the neglect of their craft and their loose ideas of navigation seldom fail to bring them to grief before they even reach the Mississippi at Cairo. Their heavy, flat-bottomed boat gets impaled upon a snag or the sharp top of a sawyer; and as the luckless craft spins round with the current, a hole is punched through the bottom, the water rushes in and takes possession, driving the inexperienced crew to the little boat usually carried in tow for any emergency.

Into this boat the shanty-men hastily store their guns, whiskey, and such property as they can save from the wreck, and making for the shore, hold a council of war.

There, in the swift current, lies the centre of their hopes, quickly settling in the deep water, soon to be seen no more. The fact now seems to dawn upon them for the first time that a little seamanship is needed even in descending a river, that with a little care their Noah's Ark might have been kept afloat, and the treacherous "bob sawyer" avoided. This trap for careless sailors is a tree, with its roots held in the river's bottom, and its broken top bobbing up and down with the undulations of the current. Boatmen give it the euphonious title of "bob sawyer" because of the bobbing and sawing motions imparted to it by the pulsations of the water.

Destitute of means, these children of circumstance resolve never to say die. Their ship has gone down, but their pride is left, and they will not go home till they have "done" the river; and so, repairing to the first landing, they ship in pairs upon freighters descending the stream. Some months later they return to their homes with seedy habiliments but an enlarged experience, sadder but wiser men.

And so the great flood of river life goes on, and out of this annual custom of shanty-boat migration a peculiar phase of American character is developed, a curious set of educated and illiterate nomads, as restless and unprofitable a class of inhabitants as can be found in all the great West.

After leaving my camp near Blennerhasset's Island, on December 9, the features of the landscape changed. The hills lost their altitude, and seemed farther back from the water, while the river itself appeared to widen. Snow squalls filled the air, and the thought of a comfortable camping-ground for the night was a welcome one. About dusk I

retired into the first creek above Letart's Landing, on the left bank of the Ohio, where I spent the night. The next forenoon I entered a region of salt wells, with a number of flourishing little towns scattered here and there upon the borders of the stream. One of these, called Hartford City, had a well eleven hundred and seventy feet in depth. From another well in the vicinity both oil and salt-water were raised by means of a steam-pump. These oil-wells were half a mile back of the river. Coal-mines were frequently passed in this neighborhood on both sides of the Ohio.

After dark I was fortunate enough to find a camping-place in a low swamp on the right bank of the stream, in the vicinity of which was a gloomy-looking, deserted house. I climbed the slippery bank with my cooking kit upon my back, and finding some refuse wood in what had once been a kitchen, made a fire, and enjoyed the first meal I had been able to cook in camp since the voyage was commenced.

Cold winds whistled round me all night, but the snug nest in my boat was warm and cheerful, for I lighted my candle, and by its dear flame made up my daily "log." There were, of course, some inconveniences in regard to lighting so low-studded a chamber. It was important to have a candle of not more than two inches in length, so that the flame should not go too near the roof of my domicile. Then the space being small, my literary labors were of necessity performed in a reclining position; while lying upon my side, my shoulder almost touched the carlines of the hatch above.

Saturday was as raw and blustering as the previous day, so hastily breakfasting upon the remains of my supper,—COLD chocolate, COLD corned beef, and COLD crackers,—I determined to get into a milder region as soon as possible.

As I rowed down the stream, the peculiar appearance of the Barnegat sneak-box attracted the attention of the men on board the coal-barges, shanty-boats, &c., and they invariably crowded to the side I passed, besieging me with questions of every description, such as, "Say, stranger, where did you steal that pumpkin-seed looking boat from?" "How much did she cost, any way?" "Ain't ye afeard some steamboat will swash the life out of her?" On several occasions I raised the water-apron, and explained how the little sneak-box shed the water that washed over her bows, when these rough fellows seemed much impressed with the excellent qualities of the boat, and frankly acknowledged that "it might pay a fellow to steal one if there was a good show for such a trick."

At three o'clock P. M. I passed the town of Guyandot, which is situated on the left bank of the Ohio, at its junction with the Big Guyandot. Three miles below Guyandot is the growing city of Huntington, the Ohio River terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which has a total length of four hundred and sixty-five miles, exclusive of six private branches. The Atlantic coast terminus is on the James River, Chesapeake Bay.

The snow squalls now became so frequent, and the atmosphere was so chilly and penetrating, that I was driven from the swashy waves of the troubled Ohio, and eagerly sought refuge in Fourfold Creek, about a league below Huntington, where the high, wooded banks of the little tributary offered me protec-

tion and rest.

At an early hour the next morning I was conscious of a change of temperature. It was growing colder. A keen wind whistled through the tree-tops. I was alarmed at the prospect of having my boat fastened in the creek by the congealing of its waters, so I pushed out upon the Ohio and hastened towards a warmer climate as fast as oars, muscles, and a friendly current would carry me. The shanty-boatmen had informed me that the Ohio might freeze up in a single night, in places, even as near its mouth as Cairo. I did not, however, feel so much alarmed in regard to the river as I did about its tributaries. The Ohio was not likely to remain sealed up for more than a few days at a time, but the creeks, my harbors of refuge, my lodging-places, might remain frozen up for a long time, and put me to serious inconvenience.

About ten o'clock A. M. the duck-boat crossed the mouth of the Big Sandy River, the limit of Virginia, and I floated along the shores of the grand old state of Kentucky on the left, while the immense state of Ohio still skirted the right bank of the river.

The agricultural features of the Ohio valley had been increasing in attractiveness with the descent of the stream. The high bottomlands of the valley exhibited signs of careful cultivation, while substantial brick houses here and there dotted the landscape. Interspersed with these were the inevitable log-cabins and dingy hovels, speaking plainly of the poverty and shiftlessness of some of the inhabitants.

At four P. M. I could endure the cold no longer, and when a beautiful creek with wooded shores, which divided fine farms, opened invitingly before me on the Kentucky side, I quickly entered it, and moored the sneak-box to an ancient sycamore whose trunk rose out of the water twelve feet from shore. I was not a moment too soon in leaving the wide river, for as I quietly supped on my cold bread and meat, which needed no better sauce than my daily increasing appetite to make it tempting, the wind increased to a tempest, and screeched and howled through the forest with such wintry blasts that I was glad to creep under my hatch before dark.

On Monday, December 13, the violent wind storm continuing, I remained all day in my box, writing letters and watching the scuds flying over the tops of high trees. At noon a party of hunters, with a small pack of hounds, came abruptly upon my camp. Though boys only, they carried shot-guns, and expectorated enough tobacco-juice to pass for the type of western manhood. They chatted pleasantly round my boat, though each sentence that fell from their lips was emphasized by its accompanying oath.

I asked them the name of the creek, when one replied, "Why, boss, you don't call this a CREEK, do you? Why, there is twenty foot of water in it. It's the Tiger River, and comes a heap of a long way." Another said, "Look here, cap'n, I wouldn't travel alone in that 'ere little skiff, for when you're in camp any feller might put a ball into you from a high bank." "Yes," added another, "there is plenty o' folks along the river that would do it, too."

As my camp had become known, I acted upon the friendly hint of the boy-hunters, and took my departure the next day at an early hour, following the left bank of the river, which afforded me a lee shore. As I dashed through the swashy waves, with the apron of the boat

securely set to keep the water from wetting my back, the sun in all its grandeur parted the clouds and lighted up the landscape until everything partook of its brightness. This was the second time in two weeks that the God of Day had asserted his supremacy, and his advent was fully appreciated.

Two miles below Portsmouth, Ohio, I encountered a solitary voyager in a skiff, shooting mallards about the mouths of the creeks, and having discovered that he was a gentleman, I intrusted my mail to his keeping, and pushed on to a little creek beyond Rome, where, thanks to good fortune, some dry wood was discovered. A bright blaze was soon lighting up the darkness of the thicket into which I had drawn my boat, and the hot supper, now cooked in camp, and served without ceremony, was duly relished.

The deck of the boat was covered with a thin coating of ice, and as the wind went down the temperature continued to fall until six o'clock in the morning, when I considered it unsafe to linger a moment longer in the creek, the surface of which was already frozen over, and the ice becoming thicker every hour. An oar served to break a passage-way from the creek to the Ohio, which I descended in a blustering wind, being frequently driven to seek shelter under the lee afforded by points of land.

At sunset I reached Maysville, where the celebrated Daniel Boone, the pioneer of Kentucky backwoods life, once lived; and as the wind began to fall, I pulled into a fine creek about four miles below the village, having made twenty-nine miles under most discouraging circumstances. The river was here, as elsewhere, lighted by small hand-lanterns hung upon posts. The lights were, however, so dull, and, where the channel was not devious, at such long intervals, that they only added to the gloom.

As the wind generally rose and fell with the sun, it became necessary to adopt a new plan to expedite my voyage, and the river being usually smooth at dawn of day, an early start was an imperative duty. At four o'clock in the morning the duck-boat was under way, her captain cheered by the hope of arriving in Cincinnati, the great city of the Ohio valley, by sunset. I plied my oars vigorously all day, and when darkness settled upon the land, was rewarded for my exertions by having my little craft shoot under the first bridge that connects Cincinnati with Kentucky.

Here steamers, coal-barges, and river craft of every description lined the Ohio as well as the Kentucky shore. Iron cages filled with burning coals were suspended from cranes erected upon flatboats for the purpose of lighting the river, which was most effectually done, the unwonted brilliancy giving to the busy scene a strange weirdness, and making a picture never to be forgotten.

The swift current now carried me under the suspension-bridge which connects Cincinnati and Covington, and my boat entered the dark area below, when suddenly the river was clouded in snow, as fierce squalls came up the stream, and I eagerly scanned the high, dark banks to find some inlet to serve as harbor for the night. It was very dark, and I hugged the Kentucky shore as closely as I dared. Suddenly a gleam of light, like a break in a fog-bank, opened upon my craft, and the dim outlines of the sides of a gorge in the high coast caught my eye. It was not necessary to row into the cleft in the hillside, for a fierce blast of the

tempest blew me into the little creek; nor was my progress stayed until the sneak-box was driven several rods into its dark interior, and entangled in the branches of a fallen tree.

In the blinding snowfall it was impossible to discern anything upon the steep banks of the little creek which had fairly forced its hospitality upon me; so, carefully fastening my painter to the fallen tree, I hastily disappeared below my hatch. During the night the mercury fell to six degrees above zero, but my quarters were so comfortable that little inconvenience from the cold was experienced until morning, when I attempted to make my toilet with an open hatch.

Then I discovered the unpleasant fact that my boat was securely frozen up in the waters of the creek! Being without a stove, and finding that my canned provisions—not having been wrapped in several coverings like their owner, and having no power to convert oxygen into fuel for warmth—were solidifying, I locked my hatch, and scrambled up the high banks to seek the comforts of that civilization which I had so gladly left behind when I embarked at a point five hundred miles further up the river, thinking as I went what a contrary mortal man was, myself among the number, for I was as eager now to find my human brother as I had been to turn my back upon him a short time before.

The poetry of solitude was frozen into prose, and the low temperature around me made life under a roof seem attractive for the time being, though, judging from the general aspect of things, there was not much to look forward to, in either a social or comfortable light, in my immediate vicinity. I was, however, too cold and too hungry to be dainty, and felt like Dickens's Mrs. Bloss, that I "must have nourishment."

A turnpike crossed the ravine a few rods from my boat, and the tollgate-keeper informed me that I was frozen up in Pleasant Run, near which were several small houses. Upon application for "boarding" accommodations I discovered that breakfast at Pleasant Run was a movable feast, that some had already taken it at seven A. M., and that others would not have it ready till three P. M. This was anything but encouraging to a cold and hungry man; but I at length obtained admission to the house of a German tailor, and, explaining my condition, offered to pay him liberally for the privilege of becoming his guest until the cold snap was over.

He examined me closely, and having made, as it were, a mental inventory of my features, dress, &c., exclaimed, "Mine friend, in dese times nobody knows who's which. I say, sar, nobody knows who's what. Fellers land here and eats mine grub, and den shoves off dere poats, and nevar says 'tank you, sar,' for mine grub. Since de confederate war all men is skamps, I does fully pelieve. I fights twenty-doo pattles for de Union, nots for de monish, but because I likes de free government; but it is imbossible to feeds all de beebles what lands at Pleasant Run."

I assured this patriotic tailor and adopted citizen that I would pay him well for the trouble of boarding me, but he answered in a surly way:

"Dat's vat dey all says. It's to be all pay, but dey eats up de sour-croust and de fresh pork, and drinks de coffee, and ven I looks for de monish, de gentlemens has disappeared down de rivver. Now you don't looks as much ras

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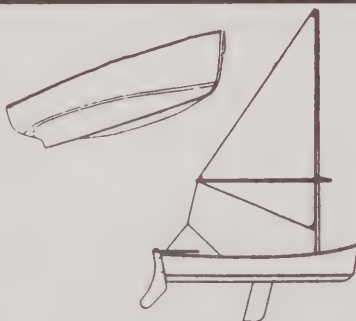
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cal as some of dem does, and as it ish cold to-
day, I vill make dish corntract mid you. You
shall stay here till de cold goes away, and you
shall hab de pest I've got for twenty-five cents
a meal, but you shall pays me de twenty-five
cents a meal down in advance, beforehand."

"Here is a character," I thought, "a new
type to study, and perhaps, after all, being fro-
zen up in Pleasant Run may not be a fact to
regret."

My landlord's proposition was at once ac-
cepted, and I offered to pay him for three meals
in advance, to which he replied, "Dat dree pays
at one time was not in de contract." "You have
forgotten one point," I said, addressing him
as he led me to the kitchen, where "mine frau"
was up to her elbows in work. "And what ish
dat?" he asked, rather suspiciously eying me.
"You have not fixed a price for my lodgings."
"De use of de peddother costs me notting, so I
never charges for de lodgings wen de boarder
WASHES himself every day," answered mine
host. Having settled this point, and ordered his
wife, in commanding terms, "to gib dish man
his breakfast," he withdrew.

The woman treated me very kindly,
apologizing for her husband's exacting de-
mands by assuring me that "Nobody knows
WHO'S when nowadays. Seems as if every-
body had got 'moralized by de war.'" The cof-
fee the good lady made me, though thoroughly
boiled, was excellent, and I complimented her
upon it. "Yes," she replied, "my coffee IS cof-
fee. De 'Merican beebles forgets de coffee wen
dey makes it, and puts all water. Oh, wishy-
washy is 'Merican coffee. It's like peas and
beans ground up. De German beebles won't
drink de stuff."

A generous repast of sausage, fresh pork
good bread, butter, and coffee, was placed
before me, when the tailor returned with dark-
ened brow, and rudely demanded the where-
abouts of my boat. "I looks everywhere," he
said, "and don't finds de poat. Hab you one
poat, or hab you not?" I carefully described
the exact location of the sneak-box in the rear
of the tollgate-house, when he hastily disap-
peared. The old lady and I had fully discussed
the wishy-washy coffee question, when mine
host returned. This time he wore a pleasant
countenance, and took me into his shop, where
he introduced me to three of his apprentices.

At night I was given a bed in an unin-
ished attic, under a shingled roof, which was
not even ceiled, so the constant draughts of
air whistling through the interstices overhead
and at the sides of my apartment, kept up a
ventilation more perfect than was desirable;
and I should have suffered from the cold had
it not been for my German coverlet, which was
a feather-bed about twenty inches in thickness.
It, of course, half smothered me, but there
seemed no choice between that and freezing
to death, so I patiently accepted my fate.

(To Be Continued)

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Like Johnny Cash's Boy Named Sue, you'd better be good if your name is Sneakbox. And better still if your nickname is "The Devil's Coffin". That's what they called Hazelton Seaman's Barnegat Bay Sneakbox when it first saw light of day in the spring of 1836. After years of fowling in Ocean County, New Jersey, the West Creek man concluded there was really no eminently suitable small boat for the sport of duck hunting. So, he resolved to design and build one.

Seaman was a skilled boatbuilder and waterman, and he brought all his thought and energy to the task, creating a boat with every feature a Barnegat fowl hunter could want, in any weather. The Barnegat Bay Sneakbox was, and still is, a triumph of native ingenuity wedded to form and function. Seaman had no idea, of course, that his little boat would achieve the celebrity it enjoys, and he would doubtless be surprised that the soundness of the original design has been proved through the years as well.

As built by Seaman and such other premier builders who came after him, John Cranmer, Jr., Howard Perrine, and Alan Chadwick, to name the most noted, the Barnegat Bay Sneak is about 12' long, with a 4' beam. The bottom curves along an arc, and the bow is sleek, akin to a pumpkin seed. The configuration means a shallow draft boat, capable of floating in a few inches of water even when heavily laden, and easily rowed or sailed because there is so little hull under water.

The traditional box has decking fore and aft, with a squarish cockpit amidships which comes with a removable cover. A canvas splash apron with a stick to hold it upright is mounted forward of the cockpit. Many boxes have a 3' daggerboard in a forward well for sailing, and there's a yoke-controlled rudder worked with lines. The boat is designed for both rowing and sailing, with rowlocks on blocks which fold down when not in use. The sailing rig is a short-masted sprit on a short spar. Both unship for stowage on the curved deck, after the gunner gets where he wants to go.

For years the Barnegat Bay Sneakbox was made of local white cedar, 1/2" thick and about 6" wide for the hull planking, with the deck boards a bit wider. Old time Sneakbox builders used an interesting ploy to minimize steambox plank bending, to accommodate the hull's graceful curves. They stored the white cedar boards outside the boatshed, and let them sit there for months. After various planks had taken on a variety of highly individual warps and bends, the builder selected specimens from his pile which had warps giving him a "start" toward the curvature he wanted.

An interesting Sneakbox construction wrinkle is the set of "runners", brass or oak, fixed to the bottom of the hull. Besides doing something in the way of protecting the bottom from wear, the strips work as skids, making it fairly easy for a sportsman to drag a 300lb 'box up on a sedge island or across a section of frozen bay to open water. This writer remembers an old Long Beach Island bayman chortling with amusement as he told of hoisting the spritsail on his Sneakbox and launching it onto a frozen bay for an exhilarating run before the wind. The brass skids on his boat transformed it temporarily into a species of iceboat.

Though the Barnegat Bay Sneakbox was a completely hand crafted artifact in an age and place of skilled builders, a 'box with spars,

The Devil's Coffin

New Jersey's Barnegat Bay

Sneakbox is a Beauty Built for Inshore

By Edward Brown

oars, sail, and even anchor, could be had a century ago for \$75. Owing to the extreme durability of the cedar of which the traditional 'box is constructed, there are still a good many Barnegat Bay Sneakboxes around and functioning which date from the World War II years. It's just about impossible to wear one out if it's built properly.

Many sportsmen use the sneakbox to get out to their blinds, but some take a sneakbox in tow behind a Garvey until they get near the likely spots, then shift into the Sneakbox and "convert" it into a duck blind. The low configuration makes it possible for the Sneakbox to do temporary duty as a duck blind, and with the canvas spray shield up the gunner becomes very unobtrusive indeed. He can scatter bundles of reeds over the sloping deck for real camouflage after he deploys his string of decoys, carried out on the bay in a removable bin aft of the cockpit. The Sneakbox, as its name implies, looks like Mother Nature put it there, and not some hungry hunter.

Every duck hunter knows that "good weather for ducks" can sometimes work up to conditions downright uncomfortable for the sportsman. When a line squall comes down, the Sneakbox rider can slide down in the cockpit, pull the cockpit hatch, and ride it out. Seaman thought of everything.

Though it was Captain Hazelton Seaman who conceived, designed, and built the first Barnegat Bay Sneakbox, it took a transplanted New England Yankee to spread the good word, in the 1870s. Nathaniel Bishop knew a good thing when he saw it, and he had eyes for the first Sneakbox he saw in Manahawkin after he moved there in 1872 from Medford, Massachusetts.

Bishop, a cranberry grower, had to have a 'box, and ordered one at once. By 1875, Nathaniel Bishop had five Sneakboxes in his boathouse, but he wasn't satisfied. He commissioned a "commemorative" Sneakbox, *The Centennial Republic*, in which he determined to travel to Florida from, of all places, Pittsburgh, coursing down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Bishop and *The Centennial Republic* made it, and not only was his craft lionized at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, it was later displayed at the Smithsonian. The world learned more of this Barnegat Bay artifact from *Four Months In A Sneakbox*, published in 1879. As head of the prestigious American Canoe Association and active outdoor writer for the sporting journals of the day, Bishop had been shilling for the Sneakbox for some time, and people began using them up and down the Atlantic coast.

J. Henry Rushton, of Canton, New York, was one of the most noted boatbuilders of his day. He had a Barnegat Bay Sneakbox out in 1881, a beauty weighing 175lbs and carrying an all-inclusive price tag of \$100. For Rushton's 14-footer, 2' longer than the standard 'box, he asked \$120. While Rushton's 'box was built in the traditional way and with cedar, his competitor, the Watertown Boat and Canoe Company, made a Sneakbox which had

pine planking. The Watertown 'box also had a folding centerboard, a real innovation.

Other manufacturers followed Rushton and Watertown, and soon a variety of Sneakboxes were afloat and working, some with oak frames, wider centerboards, a curved deck sheer instead of the original flat one. In central and south Jersey, Johnny-come-lately Sneakbox builders included George Bogart of Manahawkin, Shem Pierce of Brielle, the Tuckerton Pharos, Joseph Truex, Metedeconk, George Van Sant of Atlantic City, and Jacke Vaughn, Forker River. A colorful craftsman still working cedar for Barnegat Bay Sneakboxes is Sammy Hunt of Waretown. Anyone who has one of his 'boxes can count himself or herself lucky.

How much wear can a sportsman expect from a Barnegat Bay Sneakbox? Molded fiberglass is said never to die, but the traditional cedar-built 'box might even have the edge on glass. There are boats still plying the waters off Barnegat Bay which date back 70 and perhaps more years, and many bid fair to keep going, so stout is their construction and so fortunate the choice of cedar. It's virtually impervious to water damage and rot.

I know of a householder on Long Beach Island who moved into a bayfront vacation house there. After poking about the place for the first week, he noticed something sticking out of the mudbank fronting the bay. He and his boy went to work with shovels and excavated a 12' Sneakbox. How it got there or how long it had been there, or even how old it was, no one seemed likely to answer. But it was a traditional cedar boat, and they caulked it, let it sit half filled with water to swell, then launched the 'box and have been enjoying it ever since. That was 25 years ago.

Given Sneakbox popularity in New Jersey waters, racing was a foregone conclusion. Not only were sailing 'boxes raced, special racing designs evolved. Early in the century, a 17' racing 'box was running circles around local Jersey cats, and in 1906, a whopping great 20-footer was introduced to the yachting scene there. The huge Sneakbox carried as much as 600sf of sail and took a crew of six. These hearties had to manage the shifting of two or three dozen 30lb sandbags for trim. Reports of the sailing ability of the big 'box make one wonder if they were really worth all the trouble. Apparently, in a heavy following sea the bows would tend to "submarine", and the crew was forced to rush aft to avoid being swamped.

A 15-footer came along in 1918, designed by J.H. Perrine of Barnegat, and it became an overnight sensation with yacht clubs, eventually being nominated as an official class by the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association. The class is still raced by clubs on Barnegat Bay, generally in the junior division. A final racing design belonged to Alan Chadwick of Barnegat. *Eight Ball*, a 14-footer, was an excellent sailor.

It's more than 150 years since Captain Hazelton Seaman's *Devil's Coffin* made its appearance in the waters of New Jersey. That the boat design has remained basically unchanged over those long years is testimony to the excellent reading of local conditions and requirements by Seaman, and his response to them in the form of the Barnegat-Bay Sneakbox.

(This article first appeared in *Offshore* magazine, September, 1988)

DreamBoats

So, You're All Thumbs

By Richard Carsen

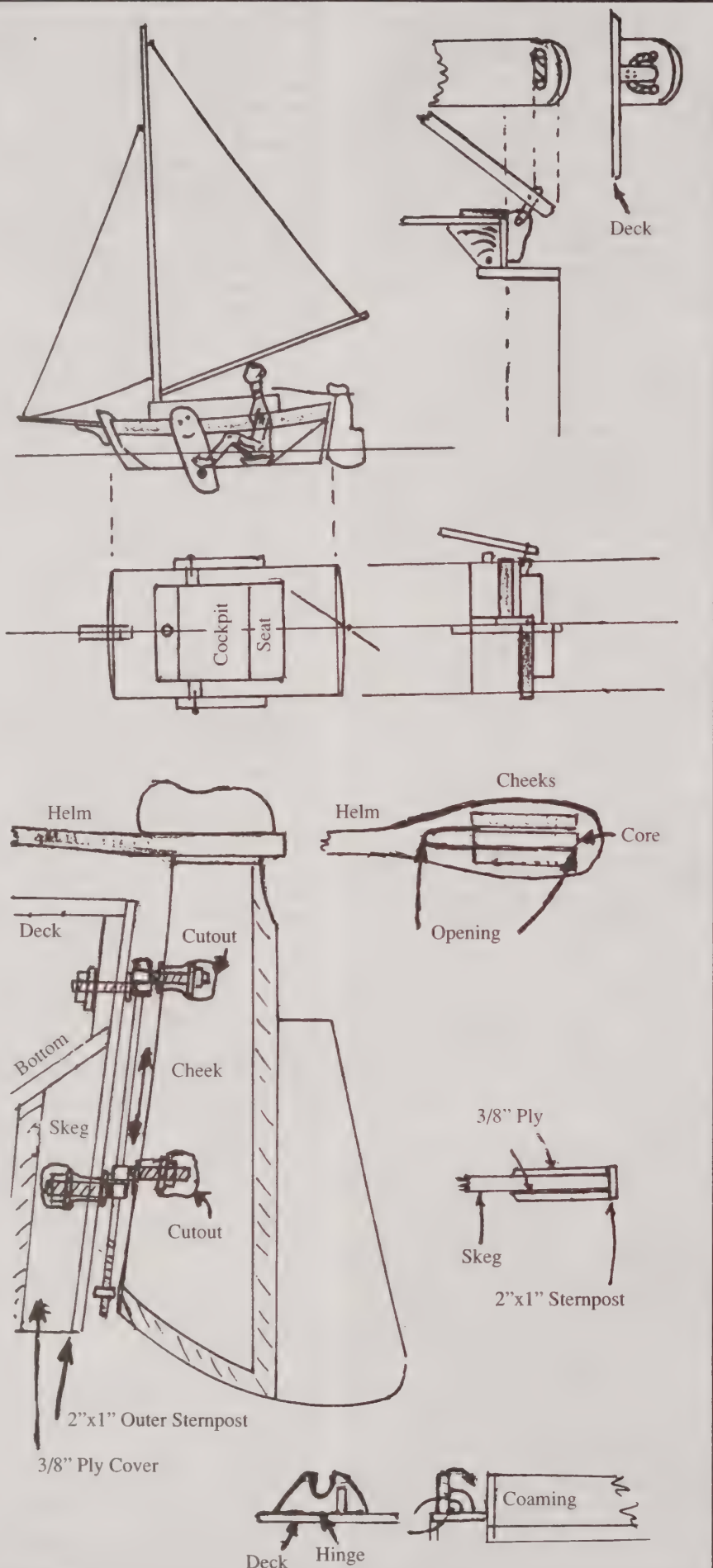
I'd say, welcome to the club! This is for the plumb and square man with little talent. The boat won't suffer if it is not exactly 7' long or 4' wide. It won't affect the performance much if it is a little out of square. Use 12" and 6" store bought planks for the sides, widest is bottom plank. Bend the sheerstrip slightly, making it a little higher aft; if it won't bend, make saw kerfs until it will, fill the kerfs with glue.

The bottom and deck are 3/8" ply. Oil everything & use the cheapest window caulk for caulking. For the bottom joints use thin flexible ply; apply the glue and use a pop rivet tool with rivets of proper lengths. Put the rivets in from the outside. When the glue has set, knock off the heads outside.

Hang the rudder with eyebolts and stovebolts. It will rust, so what? Replace them, plating is too expensive. The helm slips over the head of the rudder; the eyebolts are buried in the rudder between the cheeks and the skeg, the hollow chiseled out, the same in the skeg. The leeboard is hung on piece of rope as shown.

These things sail very well. The sail made from mattress ticking, slightly roll in the top and the bottom of the leech and the luff to get a molded form. The helm slips over the head of the rudder; eye bolts are buried in the rudder between the cheeks and the skeg, the hollow chiseled out, same in the skeg. If the mast is sturdy, no stays are needed. The boat could be made longer with little longer mast and boom. When not in use, flip up boom and wind up the halyard to secure the sail and boom, lift out the assembly. Good sailing, with peace of mind.

PS: To set up for rowing, use 6'oars. For oarlocks see Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, page 215, make whole thing from wood and flap down.



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The Big Yellow Trailer

By Joe Spalding

While I was contemplating starting on the *Samuel Clyde*, Phil Bolger commented that you can always find someone to move a boat cheaper and more easily than taking on the burden of owning and storing a trailer. I suppose that this is true in some of the seaside locations where lots of those hydraulic trailers are available to pluck your boat out of the water and transport it to your winter storage place in an economical and timely manner. Such is not the case around central New York state. Besides, I wanted to be self-sufficient and spend the capital cost when I had the capital, as I might not have the stash to move the boat after a few years of retirement.

One of our local marine types suggested I look into wheelbarrow wheels as rollers to ease loading the boat on and off the trailer. This seemed like a worthwhile investment and W.W.Granger had a sale on pneumatic wheels and tires with grease fittings for a reasonable price. I discussed this with the trailer guy (Dick Hood Welding). He mulled on it for a while and we decided to try it. Most of the wheels were mounted to accommodate the flat bottom, and two wheels on each side were mounted to engage the angled side of the bottom. Angle iron brackets and 3/4" stainless rods made up the mountings.

The wheels were probably destined for handcars, being 10" OD. The whole mass came together in a rush, as I had to vacate the barn that *Samuel Clyde* was being worked on. Later, we added in skirts to the fenders to keep highway filth off the boat and eventually added vertical pipe guide poles to line up trailer and boat when retrieving the boat.

On one occasion in murky water at Kingston Ontario we were unable to get the boat centered properly and the fender was forced down onto the tires. As the boat came out of the water, needless to say the boat, trailer and truck stopped in its tracks. Lots of fooling around got the boat moved just enough to allow the wheels to turn. However when a good bump was encountered, a puff of blue smoke would emanate from the fender area.

The main tubes, 4"x 6", proved to be relatively flexible, but that does not seem to be a problem. The boat is not flexed at all as various tires deflect to absorb loading changes. It is important that the boat's bow eye and winch station is secured so that the bow is integrated quite rigidly with cable and chain arrangement.

We have been to Bay of Quinte, Rideaux Canal, South West Harbor, Maine and the Thousands Islands twice. The three-axle design seems to work well and I have had little problem with surge brakes on two axles. Although the trailer is equipped with an electric winch, I find the two speed manual winch just fine and have learned that it is vital to remove the handle before moving the trailer. I have lost two handles so far but haven't killed anyone with losing one on the interstate.

It takes about fifteen minutes to load and go, working alone. Launching is even faster if I remember to let the boat back from stanchion rollers before it enters the water. Once in the water, the back of the boat floats up and the



bow eye locks up on a roller and will not let go. We are in the ninth year of using the boat and trailer and I don't think that we could have a better working deal.

It does take some practice to know where the back of trailer is as we maneuver around parking areas at launch ramps. I have wiped out an Oldsmobile fender, Honda bumper, the front license plate on a Pontiac and I have given a pole guywire a real good jerk.

I carry an old-time bumper jack in case the tongue wheel sinks or other hitching problems arise. We use a weight-distributing hitch and it works out okay. The boat is 32' and the trailer is 36'. The trailer weighs 3,600 pounds and the boat 5,175 pounds. So, if you happen to see the *Samuel Clyde* going down the highway this summer you will know something about the big yellow trailer under it.



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Launching and retrieving a trailer boat is inevitable for those of us who want to keep their boat mobile, whether it is to road-travel all over to try out different bodies of water, or just to save on fees of tying up the boat somewhere nearby. Since most of us don't drive around routinely with trailers attached to our cars or trucks, getting to the ramp already requires some extra attention. Once there, frequently too much anxiety and actual danger to body and property seems to be part of what should be safe and routine work.

The really scary issues are not having enough power and not being able to maintain traction when combined weight of trailer and boat have to be pulled up.

Even launching with gravity helping can be a challenge on a steep ramp, a ramp slimy with algae from tidal action or changing reservoir or river levels, an ill-maintained ramp with potholes and loose gravel, or perhaps a combination of all three (or more?) problems.

To be prepared for many, if not all, such contingencies, many people think that you need big horsepower preferably mated to an automatic transmission and finally put onto the pavement via four-wheel drive. They mean a rough-riding gas-guzzling truck/SUV. And while this may be an option for some, for others the economics of this approach don't work well, even if there was additional parking space for both car/truck and the boat/trailer rig. It would be nice to use a modest car to tow your boat around, such as an economical 4 cylinder commuter, with a 5-speed manual transmission, two doors and a hatchback, assuming it's legally rated for your combined trailer/boat weight.

One of our cars is such a vehicle, a 1988 Mazda 323 with front-wheel drive and around 90-100hp. With that power, light weight, and a stiffer sports suspension, this car is fun to drive, but it is not your average tractor vehicle for boat-ramp antics. Still, as shown in a recent issue of *MAIB*, it is used routinely for light towing purposes such as pulling hefty *Lily* along at 70mph. But while the electric launch *Lily* is about as much weight as we'd want to routinely tow and try to brake with the Mazda, we've abused the car by doing short-hauling of much higher loads over a mile or two just to our place.

As an example of how such a small 1.6 liter two-wheel econobox can pull a trailer well over half its own weight up a ramp, we've photographed a twice-a-year event, the hauling of our 16'x 7' *Shivaree*. She is of mostly traditional wooden construction and has absorbed quite a bit of water at the end of the season. The hull is an estimated 1000lbs with tanks, ground tackle, big battery, etc., with the 50hp four-stroke outboard adding another 240lbs, still not much for our second trailer's maximum load-rating of 2350lbs. The 22' 6"x 8' wide trailer itself weighs in at 650lbs with

Bolger on Design

A Rational Approach to Handling Boats and Trailers on Launching Ramps

205R14 wheels and folding tongue extras.

Between that total weight and the width behind that Mazda, we keep the trailering distance short on an empty rural road for only a mile at 25mph max. But it offers a good opportunity to do the impossible, and pull a near 2000lbs load up an average gravel/oystershell ramp with that small 3000lbs car! "Trained Test Drivers on Closed Course, Do Not Try This At Home" provisos strongly expressed here. The point of this extreme exercise is demonstrate a way to reduce the launching ramp drama to a comfortable minimum, no matter what car or 4x4 SUV you drive!

You could permanently mount a winch to your car or truck. But here we're proposing a temporary attachment to your vehicle to avoid that "Great Outdoors" image corroding away on your bumper.

Here's the recipe:

Upgrade that stock fold-up/crank-up tongue jack by cutting off that weeny plastic caster, and having welded on a 10" pneumatic 500lbs casting wheel assembly for good 3-wheel action on the ramp and for manhandling boat on trailer on any level ground without injuring your back, another \$50. Remember that there are no brakes apart from your quickly-placed chocks to keep the rig and boat from rolling away. A 2nd stock fold-up jack offers ultimate adjustability of tongue-height when the 10" wheel makes it too high.

Buy a moderate (2500-4500lbs) 12V clutched winch, with remote switch option, a higher rating will mean less strain on the winch, for more strain on your pocket-book, but more peace of mind at the ramp.

Depending upon your car's front-end you'll either have one or two towing eyes protruding from the frame. Our Mazda comfortably has two. Knowing the width between the car frame's towing eyes, oversize a 2"x 10" scrap board by 4" each side. Through-bolt mount the winch to the 2"x 10" board with the cable fairlead, and thus the winch's pull, centered 50/50 in the middle of the board; the winch motor will be off-center to the right.

The winch drum, and thus its fairlead, is at a given height above the 2"x 10" board. Under strain the board and winch will be lifted off the ground and you'll want both to remain level. Therefore use scrap 2"x 4" cut offs to

bump up the level of two 1/2" eyebolts which you'll bolt to the 2"x 10" spaced as wide as the towing eyes. To these closed-loop/cast/forged eyebolts connect with shackles/chainlink connectors an 18" length of 3/8" chain, which at its other end is shackled to the car's towing eyes.

Connect the winch's 12V leads, including its fuse-bar, to the battery and plug in the remote switch. Throw out the clutch, pull out a length of cable, engage the clutch again, and hit the switch to see it work! Now you have a well-oversized removable temporary connection between winch and car/truck that will fit into your trunk. The winch-board assembly cost us about \$50 with odds and ends, plus winch of course.

Disconnect cables from battery and chains from car's frame and put it all in the trunk. Off you go with the trailer in tow. At the the upper edge of the ramp back the trailer into position to aim it down the ramp, BUT still stay just on LEVEL ground! Chock the trailer wheels for zero movement. Unhitch it from the car, and turn the car around for its front to face the trailer tongue.

Reattach the winch/board assembly to the front frame of the car and attach cables to battery. Pull out some cable and securely hook it to the trailer tongue, engage winch clutch. Kick out chocks and push trailer by hand over the ramp edge for the ramp angle and gravity to do their thing until the cable takes up with a jerk and the trailer hangs on the winch and thus on the car.

Get into the driver's seat, remote winch-switch in hand, start up the engine, foot firmly on the brakes, and hit the "Out" button and watch the trailer roll down under full control over every kind of nasty surface. The car stays high and dry, with four brakes on and alternator boosting the battery to feed the winch. Through the windshield you can see how far exactly the trailer should be immersed to float your boat in place for hand-winch the hull on to the trailer. With hand-brake set, engine off and in gear, plus wheels cut, go down the ramp to deal with boat and trailer; whether this is a one or two person job depends on your boat and the particulars of your ramp. We like hip-high waders. We do not like immersing our car's wheels, brakes, bumpers, fenders into saltwater!

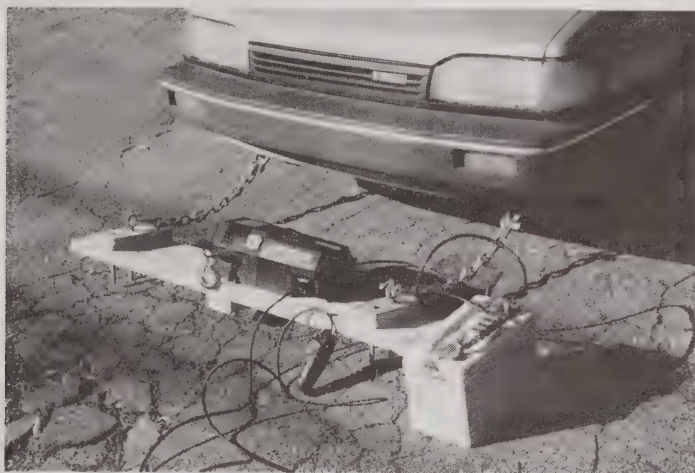
Once the boat is centered on the trailer and manually hauled up it tight, get back into the car, start up the engine, keeping gear in neutral, and plant your foot on the brake for four-wheel-grip on dry level ground, not four-wheel-drive jerking and spinning on a slimy ramp. Then push the "In" button and the trailer-cum-boat will gradually creep up the ramp while you watch with calm nerves as the bow heads toward your car's front bumper. Never a risk of losing traction!

When the trailer has come over the ramp

edge onto level ground, kill the car engine, put it in gear, pull up the handbrake and get out to chock that trailer again. Detach cable from trailer, winch from car, cables from battery, and turn the car around to attach trailer to hitch in the back, and you're ready for the road again with transmission and nerves intact. The chocks!!

The deed is done without any of that tire-spinning, clutch-smoking, muck-throwing, nerve-wracking drama of your last ramp episode. Now you can feel superior watching others suffer until you enlighten them. And never again pesky Zebra-mussels infesting your ash-tray! Do you still need that big rough-riding truck for your boat?

Next issue, we'll look at non-boating use of that boat-trailer.



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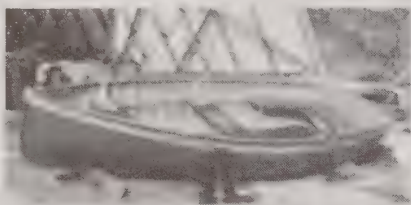


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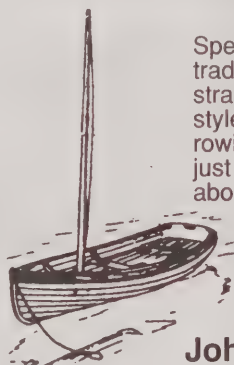
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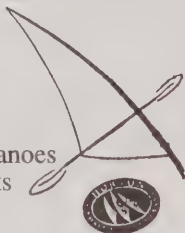
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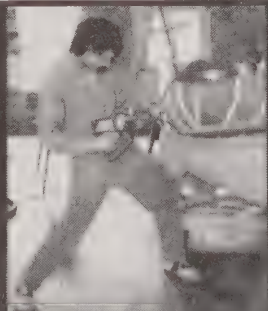
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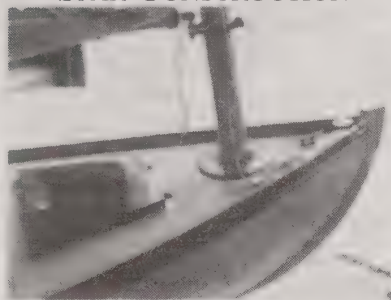
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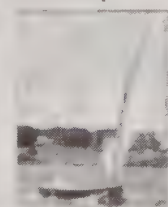
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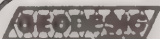


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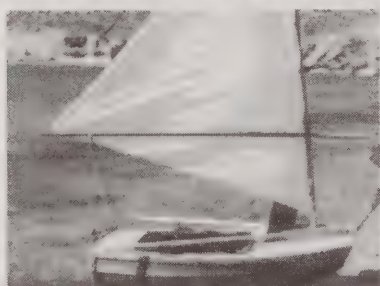
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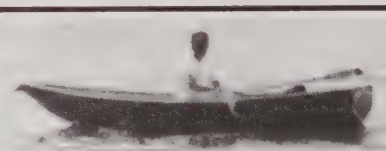
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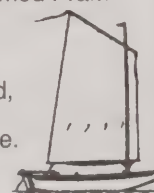
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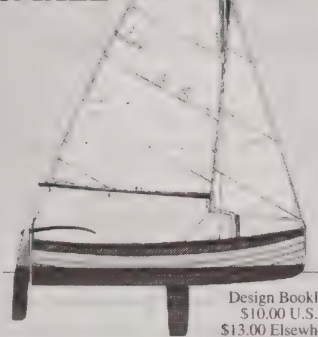
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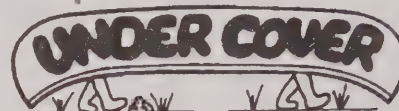
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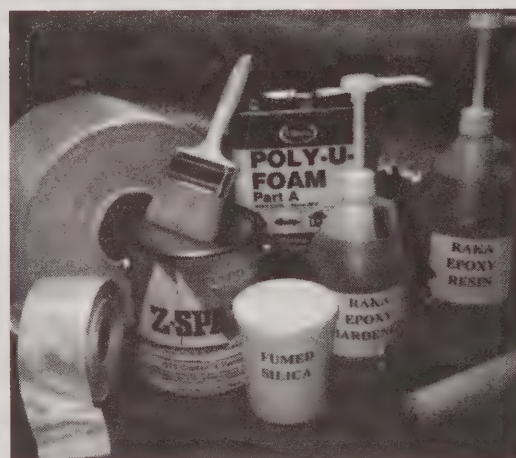
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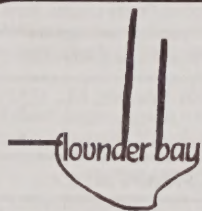
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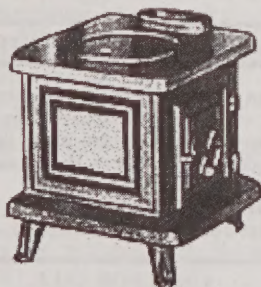
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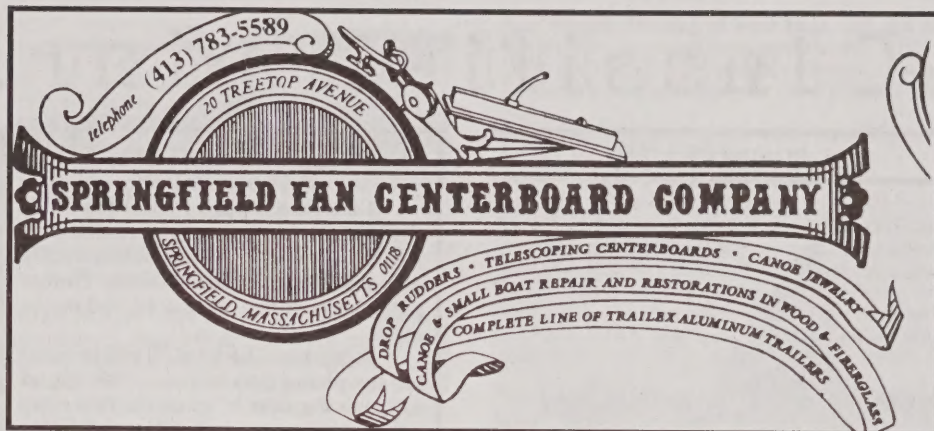
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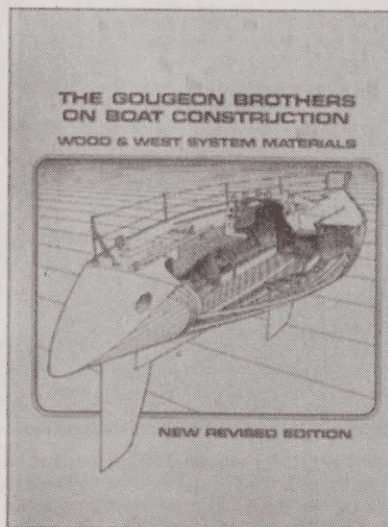
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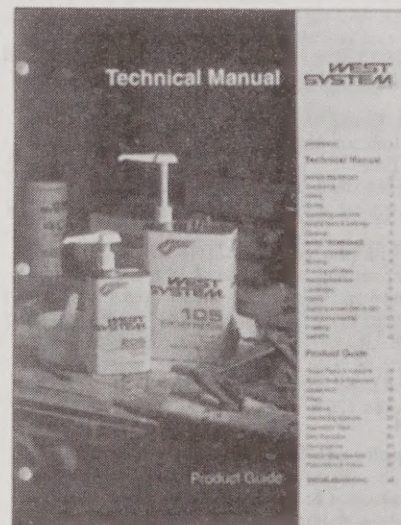
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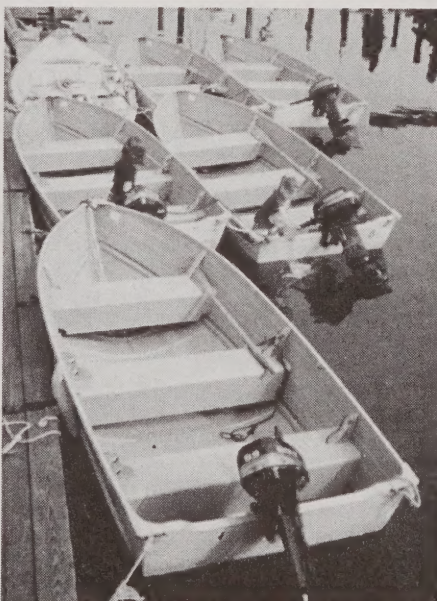
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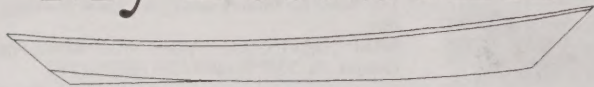


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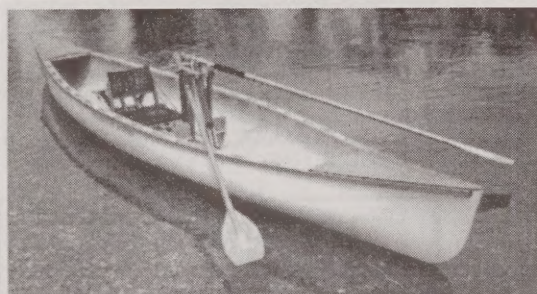
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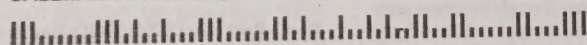
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